

MAY 5, 1947

New Republic

An eagle with spread wings, perched on a globe, with an olive branch and arrows.

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Letter of the Week

Yugoslavia's Enemy

Edward Ellison is a Balkans correspondent for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and London Daily Express. During the war he was chief public-relations officer for Allied Military Government in Trieste, and before the war worked in Paris for the London News Chronicle.

Belgrade

HERE in Yugoslavia we have been going through a series of crises, visitations, ultimatums and speeches. At the moment we have on our hands a famine which will develop to dangerous proportions within the next two months. We have had a slightly unfriendly Balkan Inquiry Commission, certain sections of which showed in no uncertain manner what they thought of their hosts. We have had President Truman's ultimatum on Greece and, highly important, Marshal Tito's speech to the National Parliament.

All these, of course, reflect directly on Yugoslavia's attitude and policy toward the United States. The famine has already forced the bread ration in certain parts of southern Serbia down to 400 calories and the national average may drop to 650 unless grain shipments are received. The seriousness of the problem becomes evident when it is realized that the main diet in Yugoslavia is bread—sometimes as much as 80 percent of the total diet. The refusal of the United States to come to Yugoslavia's assistance with grain has not done anything to discredit or weaken the government. It has simply convinced large numbers that what Tito has been saying about the attitude of certain of their allies is true and that the United States is indulging in a particularly unsavory piece of political blackmail with a defenseless people as its victim.

If you live in Belgrade you can find further plausible, and possibly factual, evidence of this or, at least, of the unfriendly attitude of America and Americans toward Yugoslavia. The President's statement on Greece did not come as a surprise. For example, Truman's former

(Continued on page 46)

EDITOR HENRY WALLACE TOURS UNITED STATES!

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News in Focus

Third Time Under

Congress
HOUSE REPUBLICANS last week opened the gates on \$134 million worth of the country's natural-resources development when they slashed the Department of Interior's appropriation 45 percent. At the same time, they came near drowning the probability of retaining the 14 Republican seats gained in the Western states last November.

Eighty percent of Interior's vast projects—the Bonneville Power Administration in Oregon, California's Central Valley project, Arizona-Nevada Davis Dam—are in the West, where the greatest treasure of all its economic riches is water. Further development of these and other reclamation, irrigation, fish and wild-life, mining and geological programs was sluiced off in the magic name of Republican "economy."

Such miserliness, Secretary of Interior Krug charged, could only result in "bankruptcy of the nation's natural resources." The West, still struggling to become industrialized, has more than 740 million acres of desert—one-third the land mass of the U.S. Through irrigation, Representative Leroy Johnson (R, Cal.) protested, land values sometimes increase 25-fold.

Every attempt by Democrats and Mid-western Republicans to restore funds was met with a roaring chorus of "nays" during the two-day debate over the bill. Republican members of the House Appropriations Committee, headed by penny-squeezing John Taber (R, N. Y.), pushed project after project down for the third time. With infinite patience, they let each Western Republican register his particular disapproval and offer his personal amendments (for the record when the next election rolls around). The only compromise the GOP bosses would tolerate, however,

was a meager \$5,175,000 for four reclamation projects—Columbia River Basin in Washington, Colorado's Big Thompson project, Glendo Reservoir in Wyoming and the Boise project in Idaho.

GOP Representative Robert F. Jones (Ohio), chairman of the subcommittee on Interior, steered the measure through the rapids. His strongest opposition came from Democratic members of his own subcommittee—Representatives John J. Rooney (N. Y.) and Michael J. Kirwan (Ohio). Rooney made it clear that not one Republican on the committee "raised a finger to increase a single item" in the bill. Every time the Democrats tried to execute a liberal idea, Rooney complained, the Republican subcommittees threatened to summon the "Big Bad Wolf"—in the person of chairman Taber.

The Appropriations Committee cuts fell most heavily on the irrigation and power facilities of such great regional projects as the Central Valley in California (the bill reduced the President's recommendation 57 percent). Governor Warren had appeared before the committee to tell how the California wells were fast drying up and men, who were losing millions of dollars in investments, had placed all hope of recovery on the valley project. When they drill for water now, they strike salt water because the fresh-water level is sinking. Crops and trees are being destroyed. Governor Warren requested \$40 million to complete the project. The House voted \$6 million. Secretary of Interior Krug estimated that it will take about 40 years now to complete the Central Valley project—"long after most veterans have become too infirm to undertake irrigation farming."

Republicans also ignored the critical power shortage which already exists throughout the entire Northwest. The

drastic cut from \$26 million to \$6 million for the Bonneville Power Administration leaves an electric-power system which is physically unworkable. Said Secretary Krug, "The reduction in transmission and substation allowances will result in future brown-outs if present energy trends continue."

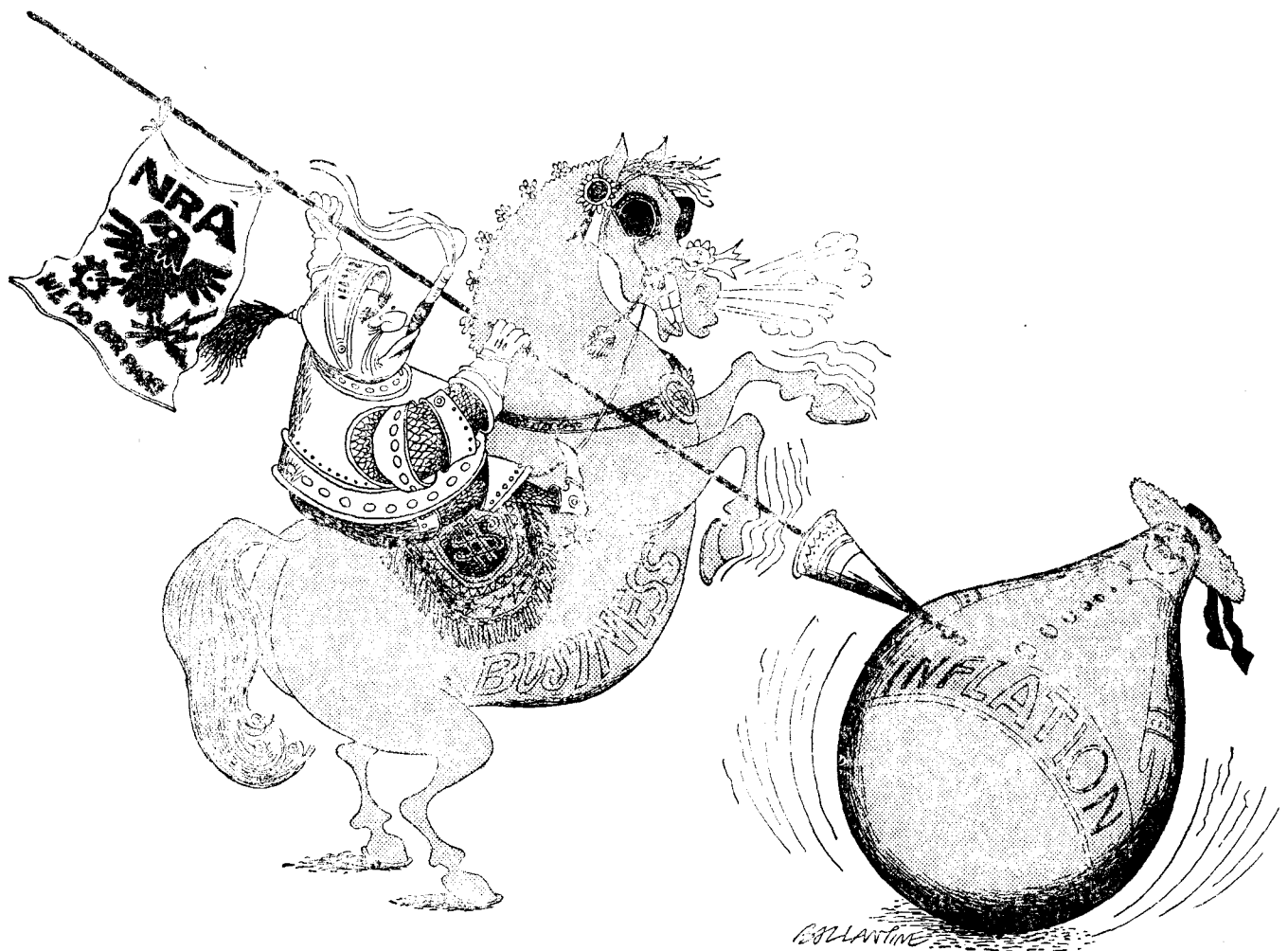
Concerning this, Representative Rooney bitterly wondered, "How many people in the West laughed with glee when the cut was announced?" But on Wall Street, he was sure, in the offices of Electric Bond and Share, there were a happy bunch of "bloated plutocrats of the power lobby which, here in Congress, are continually seeking to have turned over to them the people's dams, the people's power built by the people's money."

As the House tossed the Interior bill into the upper chamber, Senate Appropriations Committee chairman Styles Bridges (R, N. H.) nervously admitted he had already received "hundreds of protests" against the measure. Unlike chairman Taber in the House, who called such protests "the squeal of a stuck pig," Bridges called a meeting of his committee to "talk over" the protests.

More moderate action is expected in the Senate, especially on specific provisions benefiting the Interior Department. The Senate is not so likely as the House to stick to blind promises to reduce the budget in exchange for what Secretary Krug described as "an invitation to a depression."

Price "War"

Prices
THE communiqués from the "war" on high prices carried a whoop-de-doo nostalgically like the Blue Eagle days of the NRA. There was no question of the enthusiasm which bubbled



THE WHITE KNIGHT

last week from such patriotic communities as Newburyport, Massachusetts (see page 15). But there was more doubt concerning its net effect on pricking the bubble of inflation. President Truman's fervent plea to US business to do its own price cutting still echoed in many an empty board room.

With considerable fanfare a few manufacturers announced modest cutbacks in their post-OPA markups. But big-city retailers were slow to imitate the Newburyport 10-percent slash. Unless suppliers and manufacturers went along, the retailers said, the Newburyport idea would not be feasible.

Basic industry in the US was conspicuously an onlooker at the price battle urged by the President. Benjamin Fairless, president of US Steel, doubted publicly that a price cut was possible after the 15-cent increases granted to the CIO. General Electric's Charles E. Wil-

son, after GE had conceded a similar rise to its production employees, went a step farther. He predicted average price increases of an additional seven percent. Earl Bunting, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, complained that the government must go on and on to eliminate "the uncertainty which today makes businessmen hesitant."

In this frozen atmosphere the high spirits of the citizens of Newburyport might be so much wasted energy. Those who had been pointing ominously at parallels after the First World War were discovering another example of history's repetitiousness.

During inflationary 1920, US citizens had made an attempt to rally before the bust. It became fashionable to wear your old clothes; women went to parties and announced proudly, "This is a 1919 dress." As Mark Sullivan recorded in

Our Times, W. G. McAdoo, President Wilson's Secretary of the Treasury and son-in-law, got his picture on the front pages by appearing in public with large and conspicuous patches on his clothes. Some distinguished citizens had their tailors turn their old suits inside out—among them Senator Medill McCormick of Illinois, Frank Vanderlip, the New York financier, and Mark Sullivan himself.

Early in the year, and all over the country, businessmen began wearing cotton overalls on the street and in their offices; one brave member of the House wore his in the halls of Congress. The custom of going hatless began to catch on. To register their objection to high rents, people stopped paying the landlords. Grocery stores were picketed.

But the records of the 1920 "war" on prices were discouraging. Prices stayed up until people ran out of money. At

that point—November, 1920—the whole structure collapsed. The index of business activity, which had gone up since the end of the war from 90 to 110, dropped back in a few weeks to 70. Factories closed everywhere. In a startlingly short time five or six million were out of work.

Southern Journey

Civil Liberties

JIM CROW was conceived long before the internal-combustion engine. But he quickly learned to ride the first automobiles which began fuming across the highways of the South. Both custom and the law below the Mason-Dixon line at once marked off all but the rearmost seats "Reserved for Whites."

Last June the Supreme Court, deciding the case of one Irene Morgan, challenged the legal half of that veteran partnership. The Court declared state segregation laws, in so far as they harassed interstate passengers, to be unconstitutional. The Morgan case, however, did not sweep clean the cobwebs of tradition.

A remarkable journey has just been completed by a dozen jitney investigators who found local enforcement lingering stubbornly behind the pace of federal authority. The travelers, a mixed group of whites and Negroes, made a two-week tour of Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina and Tennessee. Well briefed by their sponsors, the interracial Fellowship of Reconciliation, they carefully concealed the purpose of the expedition. Invariably they purchased bus tickets which carried them across state lines. Despite the Morgan precedent and a scrupulous policy of pressing their legal rights calmly, the jitneyers were arrested on six separate occasions for refusing to sit where they were told.

In Petersburg, Virginia, en route to Raleigh, North Carolina, Conrad Lynn, a Negro member of the group, took a forward seat in a Trailways bus. The driver ordered him to the rear. When Lynn refused, the driver called his attention to Virginia's Jim Crow law, posted near the door. On cue, a white member of the party rose to recite the Morgan decision. "I work for Trailways, not the Supreme Court," said the driver,

Report from Tokyo

by Bill Costello

AHASTY look at Japan's three April elections—for prefectural governors, the House of Councilors and House of Representatives—might suggest that the conservatives won a sweeping victory. The Japanese laugh and shake their heads at such an analysis. To the Japanese, politics is like the art of *sumo* wrestling. When the two giant beef-eaters swagger into the *sumo* ring their expressions are stonily impassive. They crouch catlike, each fixing the other with an icy glare, then edge back and swagger away. Over and over again, they crouch and stare without coming to grips. The outcome of the match is virtually settled by this war of nerves. When the final clinch comes, one or the other of the contestants has been psychologically whipped.

Similarly in Japanese politics, psychological fears often outweigh mere numbers. This is a vital consideration in the topsy-turvy situation created by this month's elections. Roughly 70 percent of the new House of Councilors consists of conservatives and their sympathizers. That appearance of conservatism is belied by the two-thirds of the membership that has never before held elective or appointive public office and by the presence of the biggest single bloc of votes in the hands of independents without party affiliations or discipline. In the lower house, the two major conservative parties—the Liberals and the Democrats—won a clear majority of 254 seats with the possibility of recruiting additional votes from 34 independents and minority-party members. The combined strength of all the left-wing parties is only 178.

It would therefore appear that the left-wingers are heavily outvoted in

both houses. But Japanese observers are not impressed with such simple Occidental arithmetic. They point a significant finger at a factor that would be inconsequential in any other country. They say that Premier Shigeru Yoshida—recognized as the titular leader of all right-wing factions—has suffered what may be a disastrous loss of face. Yoshida's Liberal Party won only 131 seats in the lower house, compared with 143 won by the Social Democratic Party. In Japanese eyes, that is a moral defeat for Yoshida; he is no longer number-one man. In a country where the *führer* principle has been honored for generations, the loss of a following is tantamount to overthrow.

Like a nervous *sumo* wrestler, Yoshida is now being glared down by the 12-vote Socialist margin. For weeks it had been taken for granted that Yoshida and the conservatives would return to power. Yoshida did his utmost to ensure victory and scuttle the Socialists' chances by revising the election law late in March. The cabinet made a desperate effort to catch up on the rice ration just before elections. Socialists charge that Yoshida deliberately bunched the elections in April in the hope of confusing the mass of voters unschooled in procedures under the new constitution.

Despite all these manipulations favoring the rightists, the Japanese now feel that Yoshida's only chance of retaining the premiership would be through the outright intervention of General MacArthur.

LESS than 40 hours after the election, General MacArthur interpreted the outcome as a defeat for communism. "The Japanese people," he said, "have firmly and decisively rejected Communist leadership and overwhelmingly have chosen a moderate course." Since, contrary to MacArthur's assertion, communism has never been a real issue in Japan, it is doubtful whether the choice is as clear-cut as he thinks. Japanese politicians are still dabbling in expediency. One election official put it to me with shocking baldness. "Many people," he said, "realize that democracy arises from individual responsibility, but because of the character of the Japanese people, they cannot decide for themselves. They would like to see GHQ or SCAP issue a directive telling them whether they should take the Right, Left or Middle road. They cannot decide for themselves which road they should take."

Bill Costello is correspondent for the Columbia Broadcasting System.

and sent for the police. Lynn was arrested for disorderly conduct ("refusing to obey a reasonable request by a bus driver") and released on \$25 bail. After a two-hour delay, the bus resumed its run with no more than normal irritation evidenced by the other passengers.

The incident was typical of the others. The initiative always came from the bus driver (who passed around forms for passengers to testify to his courtesy). All occurred on Trailways buses (Greyhound drivers let the matter drop). Drivers were universally ignorant of the Morgan ruling. Other passengers remained comparatively apathetic (local Negro riders sometimes whispered pleas to move back). Police were cautious and considerate (the only violence occurred at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, where a loitering cab driver struck a white member of the group outside the jail; police escorted the party out of town after releasing four, each on \$50 bail).

At Newton, in North Carolina's mountain country, one Trailways driver managed to avert a similar outbreak among the only vehement collection of bus passengers encountered on the trip. His soothing words: "If you want to do something about this, don't blame this man. Kill those bastards up in Washington." At Asheville the local judge had never heard of the Morgan decision until it was cited by a Negro lawyer, the first member of his race ever to act as an attorney in that court. The judge sentenced two defendants to 30 days; after five hours they were released on \$250 appeal bonds.

Undeterred, the experimenters continued the odyssey and, for good measure, made the return trip from Louisville in all-white railroad coaches of the Norfolk and Western and Louisville and Nashville lines. On the former they were unmolested. A conductor on the latter railroad argued, but took no action beyond words ("If I were in Alabama, I and the passengers would throw you out the window").

Safely back in New York this week from their "Journey of Reconciliation," the travelers concluded:

"We are of the opinion that if the bus drivers had not raised issues, the passengers in most cases would have continued to ignore the Negroes sitting in the front. . . . As the trip progressed, it became more and more evident that the police and bus drivers were learning about the Irene Morgan decision. . . . We believe that the great majority of the people in the upper South are prepared to accept the Morgan decision."

Had Enough?

Wisconsin

A YOUNG ex-soldier named Carl Thompson has given Wisconsin Democrats new hope by his strong showing in the Second Congressional District (which includes Madison, the state capitol). Thompson, running against heavily favored Republican Glenn Davis, also a veteran, snared 49 percent of the vote in a special election last week, thus coming within 920 votes

of breaking into Wisconsin's solidly Republican House delegation in Congress.

Young Thompson is a former Progressive who refused to follow Bob LaFollette into GOP ranks. He built his campaign around an attack on recent Republican congressional policies. His rival, Davis, helped out by some broken-field running on political issues—worthy of the gridiron gyrations of his West Point namesake. Farm coöperatives and the Americans for Democratic Action gave Thompson strong support. Labor unions pitched in with an attack on Davis' "bush-league batting average on labor bills," compiled when he was a member of the state legislature in 1941.

The official election count—Davis, 24,101; Thompson, 23,181—represented a 13-percent gain for the Democrats since last November, when their candidate was soundly beaten by the late Robert K. Henry. Republican leaders nervously wondered if the five-month shift in Wisconsin's political wind might be a weather vane for 1948.

First Harvest

Iowa

MEMBERS of the Iowa legislature are home after harvesting the state's first crop of the year—a sheaf of anti-labor bills as tough and luxuriant as a stalk of Hawkeye corn. But during this summer's hot evenings the legislators are likely to talk about the state-house lawn party which last week preceded their outlawing of the closed shop, the union shop, secondary boycotts, jurisdictional strikes and the dues checkoff.

The legislature was racing an adjournment deadline with its labor curbs when 200,000 CIO and AFL members walked off the job in a demonstration unique in farm-belt history. Des Moines taxi drivers parked their cabs for the day; street cars and buses halted for six hours. Grocery and drug-store clerks joined the stoppage. In Cedar Rapids, CIO workers marched out of the world's largest cereal plant (Quaker Oats). Iowa's 15,000 United Packinghouse Workers (CIO) laid down their tools in Fort Dodge, Ottumwa, Dubuque. AFL carpenters, painters and truckmen took the

What's In A Name?

IDAHO'S Democratic Glen Taylor had some fun last week with Republican Senators ready to vote loyally to rename Boulder Dam in honor of Herbert Hoover. The GOP's Great Engineer "might find it embarrassing to have his name tied up with what he would call a socialistic enterprise," Taylor cautioned. He suggested, however, that the "magnificent" Boulder Dam spillway might be named "Albert Fall Spillway" after Harding's Secretary of the Interior ("I can think of no name which could more appropriately be affixed to a spillway . . .").

Taylor advocated that one sentence

of Hoover's message vetoing a bill to construct the Muscle Shoals power dam, forerunner of the TVA, be engraved across the face of Boulder Dam to "appropriately commemorate for the ages" the ex-President's philosophy. The sentence: "For the federal government deliberately to go out to build up . . . a power and manufacturing business is to break down the initiative and enterprise of the American people; it is destruction of equality of opportunity amongst our people; it is the negation of the ideals upon which our civilization has been based."

day off all over the state. Nobody in Iowa could get a union haircut.

By special train, chartered bus, truck and motorcycle, 20,000 demonstrators converged on the state-house grounds, bringing their portable radios and picnic lunches along. The crowd was outwardly peaceful until Old Guard Governor Robert D. Blue appeared, to a chorus of boos. "I love my wife," said the Governor, "although I don't always agree with her. . . . The fact that we do not always agree does not mean that we do not love each other." The audience only booed louder.

But the noise outside was not changing many votes within the legislative chambers. A lobbyist from the Iowa Manufacturers' Association declined with thanks an invitation to address the picnickers. State Senator Fred Maytag, whose washing-machine corporation cleared more than \$2 million last year, continued to press for immediate passage of the restrictive measures described as "labor's bill of rights." Lawmakers from the rural areas, where hired help has been hard to find and more expensive than in prewar days, were eager to lend a hand. Salesmen have been telling rural voters that strikes were the main cause of the farm-equipment shortage.

When the demonstrators had returned grumpily home and the bills were safely passed, Iowa had become the thirteenth state to take similar action since the GOP upsurge of last November.

In Danger

TVA

ADMIRERS of the Tennessee Valley Authority and public power took little comfort from the 36-to-31 vote by which the Senate confirmed Gordon R. Clapp as TVA chairman.

Clapp was well qualified. He had been with the TVA since its inception in 1933 and for the last five years had been its general manager. He was young (41), vigorous and thoroughly in accord with the broad conception of the vast Tennessee Valley project held by his predecessor, David E. Lilienthal. The narrow margin by which Clapp was confirmed last week was a symptom that: (1) the TVA was in danger of being seriously crippled by the Repub-

lican-dominated 80th Congress; (2) there was no chance that this Congress would vote to duplicate the highly successful project elsewhere in the US.

During the bitter debate over the nomination of Lilienthal to head the US Atomic Energy Commission, many

foes had centered their attacks not on him but on the civilian atomic-energy-control law enacted by Congress itself last year. It was somewhat the same situation with Clapp. Some who spoke against him were really attacking the whole TVA idea. Some Senators who

Squeeze Play

North Dakota

VALLEY CITY, North Dakota (population, 5,917), noticed Don Matchan the way it noticed any newcomer when the young newspaperman arrived in town four years ago. People said hello to him on the street, wondered if the studious-looking stranger planned to stay. When they heard he was going to start a newspaper, they took a little more interest.

From the day when Matchan planked down \$500—half of his capital in 1943—for the first payment on an old newspaper plant he became the most discussed man in Barnes County. Most of the townspeople and the farmers around Valley City liked his directness, his fire, his interest in the community. He was a member of the Rotary Club, liked to argue, went to socials with his wife, was on the Bishop and Council Committee of the Episcopal Church. To help him convert to a daily, ten local businessmen put up \$5,000 apiece. Barbers, farmers, high-school students wandered into his office to sound off. Matchan listened, and gave back as good as he got.

But some folks who liked the editor personally soon found the new paper, the Valley City *Times-Record*, hard to take. Matchan's editorials effusively defended the farm coöperatives and undiplomatically blasted the efforts of small businessmen to tax them out of existence. In dispatches from the state capital at Bismarck, Matchan went to bat for organized labor in its battle against restrictive legislation. He stuck his quill into the Barnes County Republican machine by describing it as "ultra-reactionary."

His editorials in favor of friendly relations with Russia and slapping the back of Henry Wallace were a little rich for the isolationist veins of some North Dakota farmers. To charges of Communist leanings Matchan replied: "It puzzles them, and perhaps infuriates them, that I never have denied being a Communist. . . . I never have, and I never shall. That is one of the things I'm fighting, this Red-baiting, this labeling, this attempt to drive people into a corner, put a

name on them and figure they're in cold storage."

Most shaken of all by the *Times-Record* philippics were Valley City's business and professional men, among whom were some of Matchan's original backers. Erle Fouks, president of the First National Bank, expressed their dilemma: "I have watched Dan Matchan come into the church; I have watched him pray; I have watched the effect of the service on him, and I have watched him as he went out, and I don't know of a person who has more Christianity oozing out of every pore than Don Matchan. But why does he write as he does? I can't understand him."

By last week "respectable" Valley City seemed to have given up trying. A campaign to oust radical Don Matchan from ownership of the *Times-Record* was in full cry. First a committee representing 40 businessmen paid a call on the editor. Shortly afterwards Matchan was informed that he would have to change his "inflammatory" editorial policy or sell out to "someone acceptable to the community." The ultimatum was to expire in 30 days. The wavy-haired newspaperman took off his glasses and asked what would happen if he refused to do either. The reply: an advertising boycott by businessmen accompanied by a threat to set up a rival newspaper to run him out of business.

Matchan went to the public for support. On the front page of the *Times-Record* he ran a ballot asking if his readers favored the attempt to force his opinions out of print. Early returns ran four to one in favor of Matchan, right or wrong. But there was little material comfort in that. A classified advertisement in an obscure corner of last week's *Editor and Publisher* put a for-sale sign on:

"DAILY NEWSPAPER, town of 6,000. 1946 gross \$84,896. Capable of doing more. Publisher retiring because of disagreement with business community on editorial policy. Direct inquiries to Don C. Matchan, Publisher *Times-Record*, Valley City, North Dakota."

Report from Moscow

by Alexander Kendrick

THE Moscow Conference began in a blinding snowstorm and ended in brilliant sunshine and two dozen warming toasts at a Kremlin dinner. Besides marking the progress of the seasons, and cutting heavily into the country's stockpile of vodka, it did not achieve much. Marshall's "very natural disappointment" is generally shared. There is also a feeling of relief, however, that things weren't any worse. For it seems plain now that the conference actually never had a chance.

The Truman Doctrine was promulgated two days after the conference opened and was approved by the Senate two days before it closed. The doctrine was never mentioned at the conference table, but it was the principal American negotiator present. This may not have been so apparent in the discussions on Germany, since the issues were so varied and complex, and the principles, practices and propaganda so hopelessly confused. But the Dulles plan for building up western Germany as a barrier to communism is the Truman Doctrine pure and simple. Marshall, against the advice of his day-to-day administrators in Germany, never took his eye off that ball.

When the question of Austria came up, the Truman Doctrine really flowered in the unexpected Moscow sunshine. Here the US did not even need the excuse that it was being asked for aid, as in the case of Greece and Turkey. It decided for itself that economic intervention was indicated and insisted on trying to provide it. The nub of this situation was that the Austrians more than anyone else wanted the 40,000 Allied occupation

troops to leave so that they could resume a normal existence. To get this withdrawal the Austrians were willing to exchange anything within reason, including the German assets in Austria to which the Russians felt entitled as reparations. The Russians made a 50-50, joint-stock-company proposition covering the most important of the disputed assets, as they did in Rumania, and the Austrians seemed willing on the ground that half a loaf was better than none.

At this point Marshall decided that the Austrians did not know what was good for them. At secret meetings on the Austrian question he and two other American generals, Mark Clark and Bedell Smith, declared they would never permit Austria to become anybody's vassal and even came out in wholehearted favor of nationalization to prevent German assets from staying in Soviet hands. Meanwhile, in his room at the National Hotel, Austrian Foreign Minister Karl Gruber paced the floor thinking bitter thoughts about his new friends. Gruber had staked his all on getting a treaty, the lack of which may change his government. Austria did worse with the US negotiating on her behalf than she would have done alone.

IN prolonging the Austrian deadlock over Gruber's prostrate body, the three Generals also prolonged the Soviet occupation of Hungary and Rumania, although they regarded withdrawal as the only means of "reopening" the Balkans. On the other hand, if the Soviet Union was as anxious to get the US out of Europe as the Generals seemed to believe, a good way for the Russians to have begun would have been by settling the assets question and signing the treaty.

Thus, in its first try, the Truman Doctrine appears to have encountered a dead end.

Apart from its lack of tangible results, the conference had undoubted audience appeal. Muscovites, large and small, were thrilled by it, for it gave them new sights to stare at and there have not been many of those in the past few years. The orchestra at the Moskova Hotel, with Soviet zeal, decided that if it could not be the best in the world it would at least be the loudest. Now the orchestra is silent and the people of Moscow are too busy practising for the May Day parade and digging in their home gardens to give much thought to temporal matters like diplomacy.

eventually voted for Clapp nevertheless spoke out against the TVA in its present form and the statute under which it now functions.

In the beginning President Roosevelt had insisted on a law which would give the TVA maximum scope to develop the resources and raise living standards of the Tennessee Valley. Hence, the TVA had operated with a degree of autonomy and broad general powers given to few agencies of government. It had used its own capital much as its directors saw fit, rather than having to ask Congress for funds each time it undertook a new project. It was not subjected to the same strict control by the General Accounting Office as other agencies.

The TVA's comparative freedom from GAO scrutiny, and the fact that it had branched out in many other fields than those of flood control and power production, long had drawn fire from conservatives in and out of Congress. Republican control of Congress had accelerated the sniping.

For example, during the Lilienthal debate, Senator John J. Williams (R, Del.) attacked the nominee for helping organize coöperatives to distribute TVA-produced fertilizer. Although a staunch public-power advocate himself, the unpredictable William Langer (R, W. Va.), who voted for Clapp, declared during the debate that Congress should make substantial changes in the TVA Act so as to gain more control over the agency.

As an indication of the way the wind was blowing, a few Republicans who had voted for Lilienthal, such as Vandenberg (Mich.), Millikin (Colo.), Gurney (S. D.) and Donnell (Mo.), switched over and voted against his colleague on the TVA.

It was symbolic that on the day Clapp squeaked through to confirmation, Senate President Vandenberg referred a bill to set up a Missouri Valley Authority on TVA lines to the Public Works Committee. The latter group had recommended, seven to five, that the Senate reject the Clapp appointment. Senator James E. Murray (D, Mont.), one of the sponsors of the MVA bill, had expressed hope it would be handled by the less hostile Public Lands Committee.

Alexander Kendrick is correspondent for the Chicago Sun.

Washington Wire



Full Dinner Pail?

SECRETARY MARSHALL and Congress are coming to grips on the Russian question. A major shift in emphasis has taken place in State Department strategy toward Russia, which Marshall must now try to sell to Congress. It will be harder to sell than the Greek-Turkish loan. It is the thesis that the USA must build up and revitalize Western Europe as the best answer to Communist infiltration, and second, that the USA must have allies in its diplomatic duel with the Kremlin. Marshall went to bat with congressional leaders on restoration of funds for broadcasts to Russia almost immediately on getting home. Marshall's prestige is immense. He'll probably win the specific battle on broadcasts.

The other issue is bigger, harder to sell, because basically it means granting loans, food and relief on a large scale. There is no limit to what State Department top leaders want. They are already talking about a second big loan to Britain. The question is, what can they get through a reluctant or hostile Congress? The Greek-Turkish program is regarded primarily as "defensive," a step which had to be taken but which can't win by itself any more than can aid to Korea. They declared that something more positive is needed. In a sense, State Department strategists have now come around, in part at least, to the point a good many "visionaries" have been urging all along—that one way of combating communism is to give Western Europe a full dinner pail. Secretary Marshall is sold on this idea; the question is, can he sell Congress?

Information regarding the new Marshall high-level policy board, headed by George F. Kennan, has just leaked out. The board will direct its attention almost wholly to Russia and will formulate the new American drive to strengthen Western Europe. But that will take loans, cost money. There are

two international enigmas in the post-war world: the Kremlin and Congress.

TRUMAN was right on the OPA; he didn't want it abolished, predicting the inflation that punctually arrived. Truman was right on housing, too; he asked Congress for aid that it refused. Truman was right about the recession; he said it would come unless business mended its ways, and it is here. Truman was right on these things, and he can make his appeal to 1948 voters on that record.

The trouble is, Truman didn't make a real fight on any of these issues. He didn't carry through on the OPA struggle; he failed to support Wilson Wyatt on housing; he saw and predicted the recession but let Congress and business have their way. Truman has won the argument all right, but that isn't quite enough in politics. Cassandra couldn't carry the Sixth Ward. Truman had the option of making a real, knockdown fight on any of the above or other issues.

A lot of well meaning people, who recognize the normal deadlock between a President of one party and a Congress of another, urged him not to fight, to go along, to "coöperate." We have a bipartisan foreign policy, they said—why not a similar domestic policy? So Truman did; he appeased. What is the result? Well, down to date, anyway, a stalemate has been avoided and nobody hates Truman the way they hated Roosevelt. But we have inflation, the housing program has collapsed, and recession (we trust a mild one) is at hand.

THIS doesn't mean we dislike Truman. He has our affection. Back in the Senate now he'd probably be voting on our side. He's an attractive, oh-so-human figure, trying hard, but without much of a talent for leadership. After a banquet the other night, and skits which the President, Mrs. Truman and Margaret all enjoyed, the question rose among the womenfolk whether they

would stay on and stand in the receiving line. Mrs. Truman, a friendly, gracious woman, proposed staying. But the President looked tired. Her face cleared; she would put the decision up to the Chief Executive himself. She said simply, "I'll go ask Papa." They didn't stay, but who could resist a family like that?

NOTES.—As Vandenberg and foreign affairs go temporarily to the wings, Taft takes the center of the legislative stage on labor, housing, taxes, public health, prices and practically everything else. Congress now consists of the House, the Senate and Bob Taft. . . . All most people need for glasses are simple lenses to correct old-age farsightedness; a letter from an optical-company vice-president in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* says that because of a racket most prescriptions cost from \$15 to \$40—the same glasses are available at dime stores for 25 cents to \$1, including frames. . . . And a Washington undertaker told a congressional committee last week his job was "a mighty good racket"; a \$35 coffin actually sells for \$150 to \$200, and the sky's the limit on charges for embalming, which actually costs \$1.50. . . . Truman may make his domestic record on vetoes; the latest prospect is the wool-grab bill. . . . The GOP is definitely angling for a veto on labor legislation—that's why it is sending up an omnibus bill; it's part of the avowed Taft strategy, protested by Senator Morse (R, Ore), to send up one rather than several bills, so that Truman will have no chance for a selective veto. . . . Talk about voluntary buyer "resistance" is mostly bunk; economists say it's just buyer inability to buy. . . . The AFL "\$1.5 million" to fight anti-labor legislation is pretty silly now at this late date; also the belated discovery of some AFL leaders that the GOP is conservative.

Washington

T. R. B.

Henry Wallace

Scandinavia—between Two Worlds

By cable

ON THE day after we left London, I was awakened in the morning by the whistles of steamboats and the cries of sea gulls in Stockholm harbor. Late the night before, we had been met at the airport by the trade-union chorus of Stockholm, whose 60 members, mostly carpenters, bricklayers and metalworkers, are the pride of the city. They took off their white caps and sang "The Star Spangled Banner" with as much fervor as I have ever seen displayed. Then they sang the Swedish folk song, "Spring Has Come." It was typical of the welcome we were given throughout Scandinavia. Almost every Scandinavian family has contributed in past years to the building of America and all feel a pride of ownership in some parts of our country. The love of America among most Scandinavians is very deep and real.

Between Labor Britain and Social Democratic Scandinavia there is much in common. I was glad to find everywhere high levels of employment, admirable self-discipline in the maintenance of wartime controls, and substantial political tolerance. I found more community of interest with America and more diversity of opinion among Scandinavians than I had expected. I found Britain and Norway now appearing to lead Denmark and Sweden in the development of the progressive spirit.

Americans have valued Sweden as "the middle way"; but the middle way requires peace and tolerance, and grows narrower as divisions deepen between the Left and the Right. Today the middle way in Sweden appears to be approaching a turning point.

Sweden is the most troubled of the Scandinavian countries I visited; there is much uncertainty and fear. For centuries a traditional hostility and sometimes warfare have existed between Sweden and Russia. The Swedish knights, unable to drive west in search of plunder, went east instead. A leading Swedish Social Democrat explained to me: "The Swedes were often the aggressors against Russia. The Swedes gave Russia its name, and established the first central authority there. The Swedes continued to invade Russia until the balance of power shifted. Now we are uneasy. We don't fear territorial invasion; we do fear Communist control of our labor movement."

Sweden has kept out of two world wars; she doubts

if she can keep out of the third, if it comes. Her sympathies would be with America in a conflict with Russia, but she will not commit herself to be used as a base for American operations against Russia. The Swedish Social Democrats are deeply disturbed by signs of increasing belligerency in America. They wish to maintain friendly relations with Russia, and for this purpose they have concluded an important trade agreement. But this agreement, which was opposed as bilateralism by the American State Department, cannot solve Sweden's present economic difficulties.

Sweden's suppliers of coal, Britain, Poland and Germany, cannot make substantial deliveries at present. American coal is expensive, is said to be poor in quality, and deliveries have been upset by our mining and maritime strikes. Sweden does not send us large exports and is short of dollars; her difficulties are accentuated by the excess valuation of the Swedish crown. At the end of the war, the Swedish people, like the Danes, bought many luxuries; but three weeks before we arrived, rationing had been reestablished in regard to coffee, tea and cocoa. (Rationing had never been discontinued on butter and bread.) The effect was to lower the Swedish morale.

THE Swedes must now get economic assistance from one-world agencies, such as the International Bank. It is still uncertain how they will act, politically, in a world increasingly divided. Some Swedes, though a dwindling number, continue to believe in the possibility of being neutral. Against this trend, there is a group of liberal internationalists, like our host, Gunnar Fagrell, who have campaigned in the effort to arouse in Sweden a sense of responsibility to the Charter of the United Nations.

With Fagrell, I visited Osten Unden, a fine old Social Democrat, now Minister of Foreign Affairs. He is anti-Communist, yet when I talked with him I found him also strongly in favor of the Swedish loan to Russia and determined to keep out of trouble with the Soviet government.

My first address in Stockholm was at a luncheon given by Fagrell's new magazine, *World Horizon*. We met in a huge hall with gilt mirrors and massive chandeliers hanging from the ornate ceiling; the long

tables were massed with flowers. The audience of 300, composed of scientists, professors, editors and government officials, was one of the most impressive I have ever addressed. The chairman was a Swedish banker, Olof Aschberg, who began as a poor boy and worked his way up, in American style. It was difficult for me to speak after his moving introduction, which ended: "Mr. Wallace, you are the one man who can prevent another war."

I stressed again my belief that peace is possible, and my conviction that it is in America's interest that communism should prosper in Russia, just as it is in Russia's interest that free enterprise should prosper in America, and in the interest of both that social democracy should prosper in Scandinavia and in all Europe. I reasserted my belief that American resources, applied to raising living standards, can prevent war. All of this the audience gave every evidence of accepting gladly.

That evening, in a room in the Stockholm Opera House, Gustav Moeller, Minister of Social Affairs, took me to dinner with a group of members of the government. Moeller helped to form a Swedish labor government in the year that Roosevelt took office, and has been in the cabinet practically ever since. After the first toasts were drunk, he put on his spectacles and read a statement of welcome. I quote it, not out of personal pride, but because it represents so perfectly the Swedish point of view:

Dear Mr. Wallace: You are very welcome to this country. The United States is a big power today, the most powerful nation in the world. The decisions taken by your country on essential issues are of immense importance to the whole world, and to the development of good feeling and confidence between the nations, or of suspicion between the nations. Your thesis that Soviet Russia and the United States must coöperate to win and safeguard the peace has my strongest support. This coöperation must, foremost, be carried out within the framework of the United Nations organization, which is the hope of the world and especially the hope of small nations such as Sweden and other Scandinavian countries, which must find security in the smooth working of the United Nations.

You are a fighter—a fighter for freedom, humanity and peace. I can assure you that many people here in Sweden follow your dramatic fight with intense interest, feeling deeply that if the American people should go your way and follow your lead, the world would not be thrown into a new war—a war more horrible than the last one, the possibility of which we could not envisage as recently as three years ago.

We wish you all success in the work which you have now undertaken. Good luck to you.

Else Moeller, the Minister's wife, is a public figure in her own right. She is a well known writer and journalist, a famous hostess, conspicuous in social work and a one-time close friend of that legendary character, Alexandra

Kollontay, the Soviet woman diplomat. She spoke light-heartedly about the pressures on the government, saying, "The thunder comes from the Right, the lightning from the Left." That lightning is the increasing power of the Communists in the trade unions. They oppose the government because they consider it unwilling to face the necessity of nationalizing the basic industries and re-orienting foreign policy and trade toward the Soviet Union. The thunder from the Right arises from the growing fear of Russia among Swedish conservatives, expressed in the predominantly conservative Swedish press. The members of the government are convinced that the Social Democrats will weather the storm in the 1948 elections.

WHEN I left the Opera House to speak at my final meeting in Stockholm, before the local United Nations Association, there was something sad about our farewell. It was very different from the greeting I received at Oslo. There, a tall, ruddy-faced man with a shock of gray hair strode forward laughing and grasped my hand, asking why we could not have arranged to arrive on time in view of the fact that a brass band was waiting to meet us. He was Haakon Lie, Secretary General of the Norwegian Labor Party, and our host in Norway. His confidence, enthusiasm and good humor summed up for me the spirit of Norwegian progressives.

From the airport, we drove on winding roads through forests and snow to the top of Frognerstøen, the mountain overlooking Oslo and the long fjord up which the German fleet crept one morning before sunrise. At Frognerstøen, in a cottage owned by the city, with brightly painted ceilings and great open fireplaces, we had lunch with the members of the Norwegian Storting (parliament). The leaders of all parties were there, the Conservatives, the Christian Peoples' Party, the Liberal Party, the Labor Party, the Agrarian Party and the Communists, who were represented by the widow of the national martyr, Vigo Hansteen, among the first Norwegians to challenge the Nazi authorities and the first to be executed by them.

Hansteen's execution was a demonstration of the iron fist of the Nazis, and a signal to the resistance movement to begin. Young Norwegians organized within a few blocks of Gestapo headquarters, later went out into the hills to join other organized resistance groups. Most of the others at the lunch had earned the right to political leadership by their record in the resistance movement. Yet even to these men, the problems of peace are baffling. In a speech of welcome, the former Mayor of Narvik observed: "Once, 3,000 miles seemed like nothing. Now oceans of fear and mountains of distrust threaten to divide us."

This was said with a good deal of emotion. The ties

between these men and America are strong. Johan Nygaardsvold, the wartime Prime Minister of the Norwegian government in London, told me at lunch how, years ago in the United States, as a young man, he had joined the Wobblies (Industrial Workers of the World) under Haywood and had fought in the battles of the miners in Colorado. Haakon Lie, a typical young labor leader, had worked in the resistance and then escaped on its orders. He was sent to the US, where he, also, had previously lived as a worker. Lie combines a deep love of America with a desire for friendship with Russia, and a determination that Norway shall be allowed to go her own way in peace. Recently he wrote a series of articles criticizing the Norwegian Communists for working for one world controlled by Russia. He wants the United Nations to succeed through the equal partnership of the great powers and the independence of the smaller nations.

From these men, I learned the heavy emphasis they are putting on the fact that Norway, like all small countries, is greatly dependent on world trade and reconstruction, unable to achieve stability in an unstable world. The Norwegians have faced hardships from shortages of clothing and goods, but the Labor Government has done a first-class job on price control and reconversion. The Labor Party is vigorous, and the government has an aggressive social program which, with its clear majority in the Storting, it is free to carry out. The predominantly conservative press is far less hostile than in Sweden, because it is less fearful. Norway has had a long tradition of friendship with Russia. The Communists in Norway do not oppose the government, but merely urge more vigorous action to get rid of collaborationists, and more rapid socialization. All the Scandinavian countries are far advanced in social legislation.

SUNDAY is always a great day in Oslo. On Sunday morning, walking through the streets, I watched a band of city dwellers setting out with their skis for what would probably be the last day of winter snow on the trails of Frognerstøien. From the docks, I watched other bands setting out by boat for the first spring day's picnic along the shores of the fjord. With their baskets, knapsacks, their brightly dressed children and their dogs of all sizes, they piled aboard little steamers and set off for the day. There was a great contrast between these men in their jackets, breeches and bright sweaters, and the gaunt workers I had seen in the Manchester slums.

This difference was even clearer in the gatherings I addressed in Norway, all of them non-partisan. My first meeting was with trade unionists and government leaders in a handsome—and typical—labor hall. The brother of the Prime Minister presided, Haakon Lie translated, and at the end we all stood up while the audience sang the national anthem of the resistance, which had been

composed in a concentration camp. The second meeting was held in a town hall where the Nazis had once shown German movies to silent crowds. There I spoke to 2,500 students under the auspices of the non-political Students' Association, whose chairman explained that he was a Conservative because the Conservative Party was the least doctrinaire. But labels mean little; in many ways, this student was politically to the Left of myself.

MY THIRD meeting opened in fine style in a movie theatre, with a performance by the band of the Youth Organization of the Labor Party. Again, it was a non-partisan meeting called by the Norwegian Association for the United Nations. This is a new group and it includes representatives of the unions, employers, civil servants and political parties, under the chairmanship of Arthur Ruud, head of the Telephone and Telegraph Workers' Union. Ruud opened the meeting, and I was introduced by Professor Wilhelm Keilhau, head of the Norwegian Delegation to the Bretton Woods Conference and a vice-president of the World Federation of United Nations Associations. My speech was translated by a splendid young doctor, Karl Evang, Norwegian Surgeon-General, director of the Public Health Service and Norwegian delegate to the Food and Agriculture Organization as well as to the World Health Organization, a leader of the Labor Party and a long-time subscriber to the *New Republic*. I mention all this to show the extent to which Norwegians of all groups participate in public affairs.

Our last meeting in Norway was at the Agricultural College at Aas. We drove up a mountain valley past many lakes to a school once used as a barracks by the German army. Once again I was reminded that the world is one; this audience, in looks and attitude, was like any comparable group in our own Middle West. They asked me whether, if America is faced by a farm surplus, we will restrict production or will feed the hungry peoples of the world. They expressed concern at the amount of farm tenancy in the United States. They wanted to know how the experimental cross-breeding of Danish red cattle is progressing in a Danish settlement in Michigan. They laughed when a former Minister of Agriculture asked what America intends to do with all her gold. They also asked why I was a liberal, not a socialist; I was asked that question many times in Scandinavia.

At the airport Haakon Lie predicted I would be back in Oslo before long.

"You will find Norway changed," he said.

"To the Left or the Right?" I asked.

"For the better," he said. "We have ended the inflation; now we shall end poverty." Remembering Haakon, I believe in Norway's ability to carry out this task.

(Continued on page 44)

Report from Newburyport

by Eugene L. Belisle

IN THE office of Peavey's Hardware Store in Newburyport, Massachusetts, John E. Swanson, its manager, listened to the arguments. George C. Brown, assistant advertising manager of the *Newburyport News*, was suggesting the type of copy the store should run in its next ad. To clinch his position, Brown showed Swanson a statement that Macy's, "the world's largest store," had run as a full-page advertisement in New York morning papers a few days earlier.

Swanson studied the statement. Prepared in the form of a report to the public by Macy's president, Jack I. Straus, it argued that prices should and could come down. It also gave Swanson an idea. Thinking in terms of Norfolk and Nassau and Napa and Newburyport as well as New York, he decided to try to start a movement among Newburyport merchants to reduce prices. Such an action, Swanson reasoned, might by its example start similar movements throughout the country which conceivably could apply pressure against the entire inflated US price structure.

After toying with his ambitious idea and finding it not wanting, Swanson explained it to Norman J. Randall, executive secretary of the Northeast Essex Development Council. Randall called a meeting of the council's seven-man promotion committee for the next afternoon. "The committee met, took a hankering to the idea, and decided to present it to Newburyport's merchants. Next day, a blind advertisement in the *Newburyport News* urged all merchants to attend a meeting that Thurs-

day night to discuss a subject of "national significance."

The 60 merchants who showed up debated the feasibility of the idea for three hours. Acceptance of the plan made slow headway. With the desire for action pushing against the resistance of old ideas, fears and ways of thinking, every problem and objection that could be foreseen was explored. A pledge for a 10-percent, 10-day price refund plan was formulated. Finally, after a five-minute period of silent thought, most of the merchants pledged themselves to go along on the plan.

The power of the mood which the merchants had created at their Thursday night meeting speeded up developments beyond their own expectations. A "we" feeling had been created. Brought to a peak by a serious group decision to undertake a pioneer common endeavor, the movement quickened pace. Over the weekend, pledges were printed for signatures of merchants and consumers. Letters were prepared to go to suppliers. Window banners were printed. Contacts were made with the White House and national publicity media.

ON MONDAY, signed pledges were obtained from 145 merchants. A mass meeting to win consumer cooperation and public support was held Monday night. On Tuesday morning, April 22, several days ahead of schedule and only a little more than a week after the idea had been born in the mind of one man, 145 out of 172 Newburyport merchants began selling all except "fair-trade" items at 10 percent less than the stated purchase price.

The idea caught hold. Consumers in the old seaport city's trading area quickly policed the price rollback by walking out of non-cooperating stores. By nightfall, all but two stores had fallen into line; one of these advertised a 15-percent price cut two days later.

Manufacturer, wholesaler and jobber salesmen calling on retailers were told, "No orders except at lower prices." Home sales offices of a few wholesalers and manufacturers obeyed the Newburyport manifesto the first day.

Meanwhile news stories about the "Newburyport Plan," which had started as minor wire-service items on inside pages, moved to page one in many of the nation's newspapers. Requests for information from merchants' associations, radio stations, newspapers, wire services and motion-picture companies flooded in to sweep bare the back-copy racks of the *Newburyport News*. The small staff and modest one-room head-

quarters of the Northeast Essex Development Council were buried under letters, wires, phone-calls and visiting reporters, photographers and investigators.

On Wednesday, consumers started flocking to Newburyport from nearby trading centers. In self-defense, merchants of Amesbury, four miles away, moved to adopt the plan. Small communities far from Newburyport's lure to consumers moved just as quickly: Spring Valley (New York), Virginia (Minnesota) and Sherman Oaks (California) inaugurated voluntary price cuts. On Thursday and Friday, the tide swelled on. A chain of food stores voluntarily knocked 30 percent off the prices of 150 items in its 128 New England outlets.

BY THE end of last week, the plan had been adopted by about 100 cities and towns across the country. Eight substantial communities in the Boston trading area, including three secondary trading centers competing with Boston's big downtown shopping center, had swung aboard. Clerks in a Boston department store, assured by a store investigator that the Newburyport Plan was "on the level," arranged a joint shopping tour to the seaport city to stock up on summer finery. A number of manufacturers of hosiery, jewelry, food, optical goods, hardware and other items had announced price cuts of 10 percent, in some cases limited to merchants in towns adopting the Newburyport Plan.

"Unofficial" investigators for several of the nation's leading chains had dropped casually into Newburyport to "look over the situation"—and had then nervously burned up the wires to their home offices on discovery that competitors' inquiries had preceded them. Sales increases of 30 to 45 percent in Newburyport were prompting the city's merchants to consider extension of the 10-day test "indefinitely," and at the same time stirring the merchants of surrounding communities to speedier consideration of the plan.

Elsewhere, some began expressing doubts. New York's former Mayor LaGuardia, discussing Newburyport in his regular weekly broadcast, insisted that "a reduction in prices does not come from Main Street, but Wall Street." The people of Newburyport, who had adopted Swanson's idea on the gamble that failure would mean serious financial loss as well as loss of face, hoped their example would be imitated on every kind of street where things were for sale.

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The 19th Century Comes to Mexico

by Alexander H. Uhl

Mexican industrialists, riding on the crest of wild prosperity, are acting like America's outmoded rugged individualists

ONE of the strange facts about the present process by which the United States is financing most of the rest of the world is the complete lack of knowledge among Americans as to the economic and financial policies of the governments we are helping. Why do they need the money? Are their own wealthy classes doing their share in helping in the work of development and reconstruction? Are their tax systems as stringent as our own? These are questions that are rarely answered in the columns of type that appear in our newspapers each time a new loan comes along.

Most Americans are aware that taxes in Great Britain are as severe, if not more so, than our own. They know that Canadians pay taxes comparable to our own. Most of us vaguely assume that the same is true of other countries that come knocking at our Treasury door.

It doesn't happen to be true. The American public has only the faintest conception of the economic and financial policies that helped bring on the present collapse of Greece. The State Department knows, and so does the Export-Import Bank, but the failure of these Greek policies is being brushed aside in the interests of our contest with Russia. We pay our 20 or 30-

percent income taxes and see huge chunks of it go to a Greece whose income tax is laughable. And we lend money at three or four percent to governments whose own wealthy supporters won't lend it at seven.

Mexico is a new sample of this strange kind of international finance. Miguel Aleman, President of Mexico and one bound to be a very popular visitor to the United States, is now visiting us to ask us for a loan variously estimated at between \$30 million and \$40 million. His country needs development and industrialization so as to bring it out of its present standard of comparative poverty into a more modern life. Presumably he will get his loan. But the American people first ought to know a little about how Mexican finance ticks and what has been going on in Mexico during the past five years.

Mexico, say the guidebooks, is a land of contrast and revolution. The contrast, of course, is still present. There is great wealth and great poverty. The mountains drop down sharply to the sea and arid wastelands give way to lush tropics. Barefoot peasants trudge close to the white ties and tails on the Paseo de la Reforma in the capital. But the most startling contrast of all is the juxtaposition of a quasi-socialist revolution and the emergence of Mexico as a free-enterprise capitalist state with all the virtues and vices of our own. There is far more Morgan in Mexico today than there is Marx.

The old picture of Mexico as a revolutionary land substituting "for the white-European North American capitalistic regime, a system that emphasizes the Indian, the communal holding of the land and the rights of organized labor," is receding into the past. It would be foolish to deny the many real strides that the revolution of 1910 has made, particularly in child education and the fight against illiteracy. Improved living conditions, sanitation and health work have brought the population from 16 million in 1929 to 22.5 million in 1946. But it would be equally foolish to ignore the evolution that has come to Mexico during the war years.

For one of the realities of today's history is that Mexico has been drifting steadily away from her semi-socialist revolution and that capitalism and business in the American sense are just as steadily taking over. The problems that Mexico is facing are problems that grow, not out of socialism, but out of a young and newly native capitalism that has all the signs of our own "robber baron" days of the late nineteenth century. The Mexican revolution has gone free-enterprise with a vengeance. The war brought Mexico a terrific boom that has swept away great ideological chunks of the revolution and has oriented the economic life of the country unmistakably toward the Right. Mexico's "revolutionary" politicians have gone along with the swing. In many cases, in fact, they have led it.

Boomtimes for whom?

EVERYWHERE you look in Mexico's cities, particularly in the capital, old buildings are coming down and new ones are going up. Not small buildings, either. But eleven and twelve-story ones with huge signs telling you that Otis elevators are being installed and that everything will be modern down to the last push button. The restaurants are crowded and the marimba bands are going full blast. On the edge of Mexico City a great stadium has just received its last touches. Rubbing elbows with it is the largest bull ring in the world. All over the downtown section, the neon lights flash brilliantly when night comes on so that you think of Broadway and Forty-second Street. In

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COVARRUBIAS

MEXICAN PEASANTS FOLLOW THE CUSTOMS OF THEIR ANCESTORS,
GET LITTLE COMFORT FROM THE "REVOLUTION"

the better men's shops you can buy American shirts—white and Sanforized—anywhere from \$8 to \$11. In the women's shops you can buy Fifth Avenue fripperies at more than Fifth Avenue prices. At the Hotel Reforma, now operated by America's A. C. Blumenthal, you can see the city's playboys and playgirls.

"Schools, land, water"

YET you don't have to walk many blocks from the stone and brick heart of the city to run into dirt and filth and abject squalor. You may stumble in the dark over some youngster fast asleep on the pavement huddled against a wall with a bit of newspaper over him to keep out the wind. Farther on you may have to run a gantlet of prostitutes. Out in the suburbs of moderate-sized cities such as Chihuahua or Torreon,

you will find Mexicans living in tiny, wretched, adobe huts with dirt floors and pigs snorting through the garbage.

Last year outgoing President Avila Camacho, after six years in office, made a sort of post-presidential tour to inspect the work his administration had accomplished. There were some good things for him to see—roads, dams, tractors on ejidal, or communal, lands, new schools. There were some bad ones, too. He had to give up one automobile trip because one road, not a hundred miles from the capital, got too rough to travel. And there were appallingly vast jobs that still remained to be done. For beyond the roaring boom of the Mexico City from which he came, the cry that greeted him in the provinces was:

"Schools, land, water . . ."

The truth is that Mexico, despite her progress, has bought herself silk shirts

out of her war profits, while her people still need the basic elements of life. For the thousands of Mexicans who profited by the war—cattlemen, mining interests, lumbermen, contractors, politicians, black-marketers, real-estate speculators—there are millions no better off today than they were before. For at least 75 percent of her population, Mexico's war prosperity has been all but a fraud. President Aleman has on his hands a still desperately needy land.

Profiteers' fiesta

BY FAR the most important factor in this situation is the financial policy followed by the Avila Camacho government during the war years. War profits were not drained off, either by heavy income taxes or the sale of war bonds, as, in some degree, was done in the United States. If anything, Mexico's top 25 percent was given one vast spree of unchecked war profits, far more than in our own highly capitalistic America. The cost of living, even of the commodities which go into Mexico's basically simple diet, has gone up more than 250 percent since 1930, most of it during the war years. Salaries and wages went up, too, but nothing like the same extent.

Mexico's national income has almost doubled since 1940, yet this huge increase was treated as a normal, rather than as an abnormal, war-induced growth. No real attempt was made to bridge the obvious inflationary gap. One feeble attempt was made in 1944. A Victory Bond issue of 50 million pesos was offered to the public at 6¾ percent. Despite this high interest rate—look at our own bonds—only five million pesos were subscribed and the issue was withdrawn. Mexicans with money weren't interested in so picayunish a return and the great mass of people had no money with which to buy.

The total revenues collected by the federal, state and municipal governments just about kept pace, percentage-wise, with the growth of national income. You have only to compare this with the terrific rise in federal tax revenue in our own country during the war—reaching as high as 25 percent of the national income—to see how wide an inflationary gap was permitted to exist.



Isidoro O'Campo

POTTERY MAKER IN SOUTHERN MEXICO KNEADS CLAY WITH BARE FEET

It is true that income taxes went up somewhat and collections increased heavily, but only as compared with the virtually nonexistent income taxes of prewar days. The income-tax structure of the war period left the huge profiteers almost untouched. To make it worse, even the taxes on the books weren't enforced. Income-tax evasion is a scandal admitted even by the government.

More important, Mexico's income-tax collections are slight as compared with our own. While American income taxes represented 83 percent of the national revenue, Mexico's in their highest year—1945—represented but 45 percent. Even in that year, the Mexican federal income tax represented a mere 4.4 percent of the national income, as compared with our 22 percent. Federal revenue in Mexico comes mostly from import and export taxes, from taxes on industry and commerce, from the exploitation of national resources. What this means is that the tax burden is borne by sources which are able to pass it on to the great mass of people. Those best able to pay, those who are profiting enormously, all but escape direct taxation.

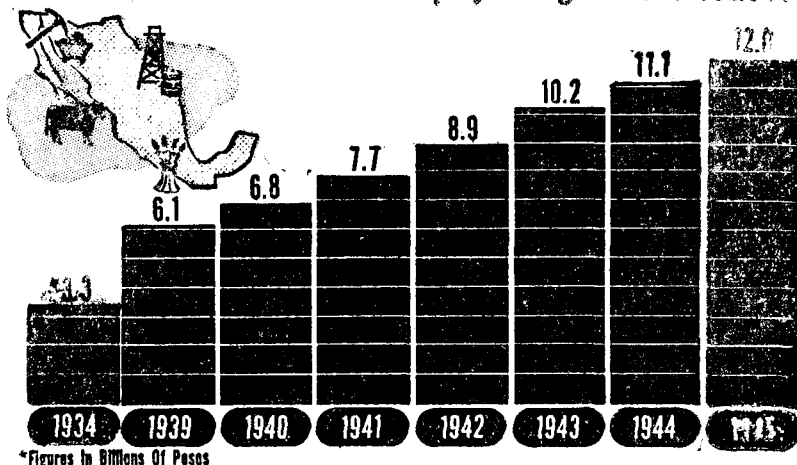
Big, quick profits

WHAT has happened to these profits, to this new, free capital which has been estimated as high as three billion pesos, or about \$600 million? Has it gone into long-term solid financing that will be a source of future wealth to the country? Or has it gone into short-term speculation that holds the peril of "boom and bust"?

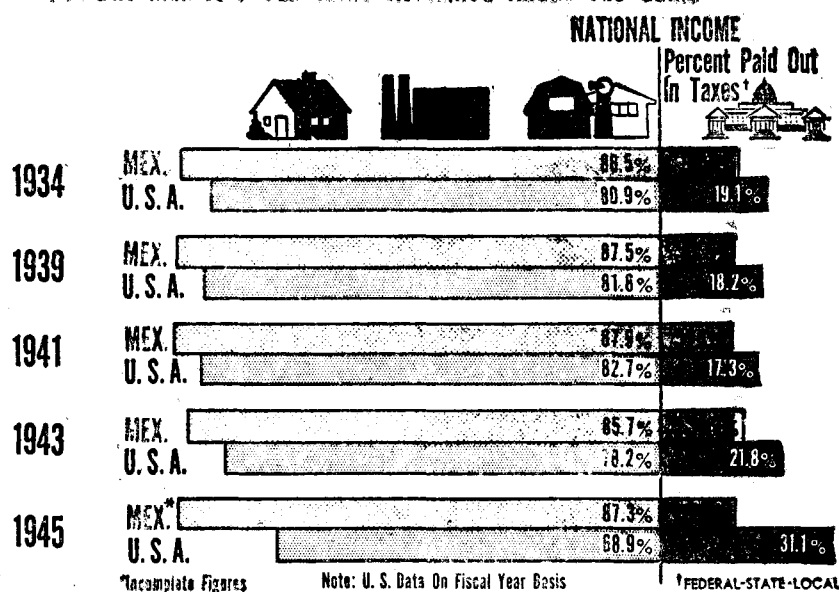
The record is not impressive.

Mexico's old, Spanish-type capitalism—mining, agriculture, cattle—has given way to a new, native capitalism that inherits many of the traditions and weaknesses of the old. It wants big, quick profits. For the conservative people there are plenty of mortgage bonds guaranteed at eight percent. Bonds of the Government Investment Bank bear seven percent. The whole scale of what return an investor expects is far higher than our own—at least if you are thinking in terms of 1946 rather than 1929. There are thousands of Mexican businessmen who aren't interested in anything that doesn't bring them 40 percent with the sky the limit. Real estate

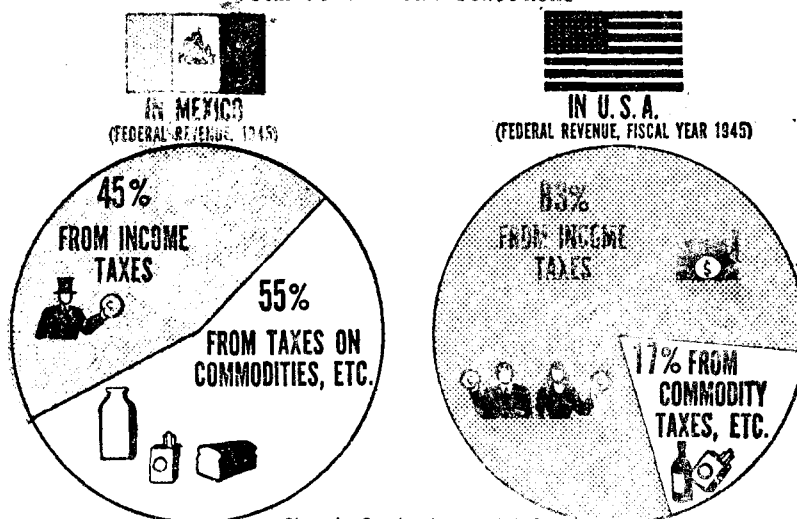
Mexico's National Income Grew Rapidly During The War Years...



... But Mexico's Tax Ratio Remained About The Same



Mexican Income Taxes Supplied Only A Minor Share Of Total Federal Tax Collections



Charts by Graphics Institute, N.Y.C.

and industrialization are their two favorite fields, with city real estate getting its biggest boost.

Mexico City has been going through a building boom and real-estate inflation that is fantastic even by American standards. Land values in and around the city have increased five times in the past six years. In 1945 building permits for the capital alone totaled 175,251,000 pesos. That was more than the federal appropriation for education in the whole country and more than the appropriation for irrigation, two of the most vital elements of the revolutionary program.

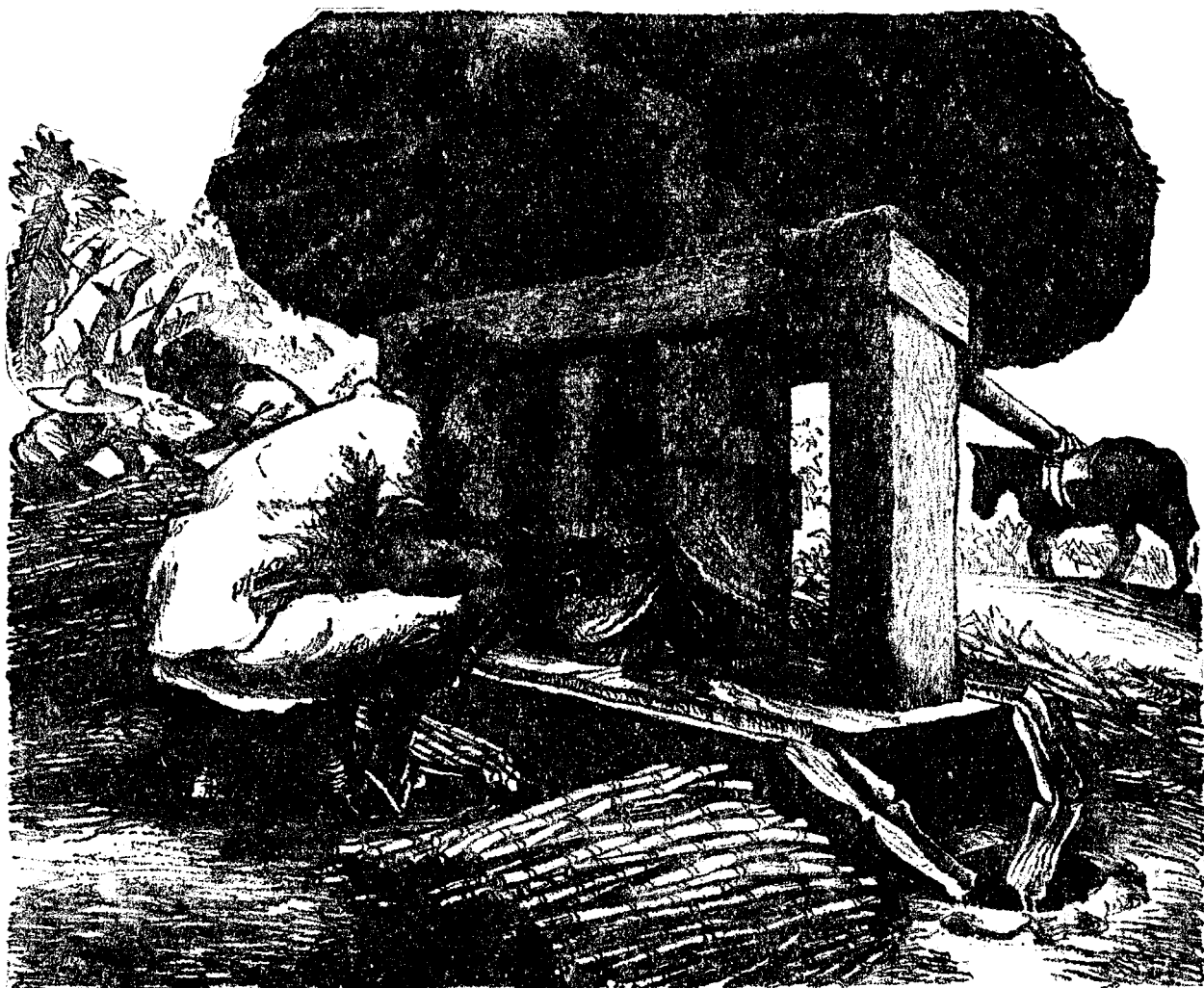
In his Jefferson Day speech, President Truman warned against too abrupt tax cuts in our own country, making the homely analogy that when a man is making money, that is the time to pay off his debts. He applied it to the fed-

eral government and the federal debt. To extend the analogy a bit, it would be equally true to say that when a man or a nation is making money, that is the time to take care of the work and the repairs that need to be done about the house. The Mexican government did not follow such a principle. Instead of taking advantage of the days when money was pouring into the country for war-needed goods, the government barely kept pace with its needs. Instead of carrying out or preparing for a huge building program of roads, irrigation, harbor improvements, rehabilitation of a worn-out railroad system, the government permitted the spending of this money on magnificent office buildings, gorgeous homes in the suburbs for the few, luxury apartment buildings. The concrete that should have been laid from one end of the country to

the other is now frozen in Mexico City's new skyscrapers that may turn the Mexican capital into another Vienna whose hinterland will be unable to support it.

Who should pay the bill?

THE roads still need to be built, the harbors dredged and improved, the railroad lines rebuilt and newly equipped, irrigation still to be provided for. It is money for these things that President Aleman now seeks in the United States. His country needs it and he will probably get it at perhaps three or four percent. From the viewpoint of Mexican businessmen and financiers who weren't interested in their country's bonds at 6¾ percent, this makes excellent sense. From the viewpoint of American taxpayers, who must pay for the pleasures of Mexico's well-to-do, does it make equally good sense?



Alberto Deltran

From "Mexican People," a Portfolio by Twelve Artists of the Taller de Grafica Popular.
Courtesy Associated American Artists

ANCIENT SUGAR-CANE GRINDER, RUN BY AN EVEN OLDER POWER SYSTEM, IS STILL USED IN MEXICO

"Number Five Was a Dry Mine"

by Theodore H. White

Centralia No. 5 is closed, the town has settled down, but the old men and widows wonder what lies ahead

TWO MILES south of Centralia, the steel framework of a coal tippie pushes nakedly into the chill spring sky. The blackened timbers of the mine yard, the pitted walls of yellow brick, the rusting cars and ironwork shape themselves about the shaft in enormous silence. From the tippie head a cable of steel, still slick with grease, runs down into the darkness. From the working levels, 530 feet below the ground, a powdery updraft of dust swirls gently into the air. This is Centralia No. 5, the empty marker of the newest episode in Illinois' violent history of mining.

No one knows whether No. 5 will ever open again. By now the community shock of disaster has passed. The Red Cross has served its last meal to the families of the 111 men who died. The Mayor's Relief Fund has passed the \$40,000 mark and contributions are tapering off. The children of the dead men have eaten the Easter eggs and candy that friends sent. Social Security checks have begun to come in the mails, and this week the State Industrial Compensation checks will follow.

The explosion has become by now a memory and an abstraction. Since abstractions are not easily handled in the press, the headlines are now tracing the trail of scandal into the heart of the Republican Party of Illinois, revealing the State Department of Mines and Minerals as an instrument of factional extortion, negligent of responsibility and partisan to the owners of large mines.

Industrially and economically, the permanent closing of No. 5, if it comes, will be scarcely a serious blow to the thriving business of the community. Centralia is no coal town in the accepted sense. It is the home of some 20,000 people who work in 14 booming industrial plants, who service the wholesale and retail needs of the rich orchard country about it and who tend the recently developed oil fields. On the outskirts of the town are the great railway shops of the Illinois Central, the tracks of three other lines, factories, foundries and machine shops. The industrial belt about the city has not yet strangled it, and the workers dwell not in tenements but in neat frame houses fringed by lawns. The miners live in no district of their own but are scattered about in the city and suburbs over a radius of 10 miles.

Mining is relatively unimportant in Centralia; for years its place in the scheme of things has been dwindling. Centralia No. 5 has been preceded by four other shafts, all of them now sealed. Only one other mine, Glenn Ridge, still operates in the vicinity. Between the two of them, No. 5 and Glenn Ridge employed less than 500 miners, not even five percent of the community's working population. Business moves ahead unflinchingly whether the pits open or not; Centralia is the center of "Little Egypt," the booming provincial southern half of Illinois. The young men who hate the mines and whom the mines no longer need will

be absorbed without trouble. It is the old men who worry, for mining is a way of life to itself. If No. 5 closes permanently they will have no work; they are coal miners, too old to change their craft, too proud to flee their calling.

What has been happening at Centralia No. 5 has been happening all over the land, wherever men mine coal. Increasingly, all over the country, coal is being dug by older and older men, for the younger men refuse to go into the pits. Mining is the most dangerous, dirty and exhausting of all industrial occupations. It is not the catastrophic explosion, the spectacular disaster that makes coal so vicious an industry. It is the clanking, hand-braked rail lines that rumble through miles of tunnel, maiming, amputating, crushing men in the darkness; it is the cracking of shale and rock from the roof, even in the best-timbered mines; it is the dust that chokes the throat and clogs the lungs. The increasing mechanization of the mines has enormously increased productivity; it has also enormously increased the demands of nervous and physical energy on men who work below the ground. They must be geared now to the consuming pace of the machine, to the ever ready alertness that sharp, cutting teeth and remorseless steel cogs demand.

The young men of the mines

THE coal mines pay well now—from \$60 to \$90 a week per man for a nine-hour day and six-day week. But young men, veterans of overseas service, will not enter the craft so long as any other opportunity is open in their localities. In coal camps, where the only opportunity for work lies in the mines, young men are still recruited in the traditional pattern—they go down because their fathers and grandfathers went down before them, because their friends and brothers are down. But in towns like Centralia, where other jobs wait, even the sons of the miners are deserting the shafts for other, less well paying jobs.

Those who go down do so because they have large families and need the money; so long as the world requires all-out production of coal, wages will stay good and they will remain. When

demand falls off, if they are young enough, they will leave.

Bitterness, pride and acceptance

SIXTY percent of the men who died at Centralia were over fifty years old; some were in their sixties and seventies. Most of the survivors are on the further side of middle age. With the peculiar compound of bitterness, pride and acceptance that makes up the philosophy of a coal miner, the survivors say they will go back if the mine reopens. The local voted unanimously to work No. 5 once more if authorities permit resumption of operations—the old man with the twinkling blue eyes explained about it. He had lost two nephews and a brother-in-law at No. 5.

"Once you work in the mines you always come back to it. It's a day's work and hard work, down there stooped over, breathing foul air nine hours a day with fifteen minutes for lunch. People don't think about the miners till they come out on strike, then they're afraid they'll be cold and they get angry. You ought to go down and see it yourself—watch a cutting machine, watch a hog shoveling up coal, track laying, timbering, cleaning rock, taking up bottoms, and always listening.

"I wouldn't let my boys work down there. In the old days when they had handcutting it was different. When your boy was 12, 14 years old and able to work you'd take him down with you to your room and teach him the trade and keep an eye on him. You'd watch out for him and he'd get paid for half a turn till he was old enough to work a full turn. Now, with all the machines, you take a boy down and you don't know where he is in the mine. You can't keep your eye on him.

"I went to work in the mines in Indiana when I was 12 years old. We lived in a coal camp. There was one street and it went down to the mines. The company owned all the houses on each side of the street and we paid a dollar a month to the company doctor.

"It was either work in the mines, or leave home, or do nothing. All my brothers were miners, too; it was my brother who came here to Illinois first before they opened No. 5 and I came

after. I came here in 1902 and I went to work in No. 5 in 1908.

"Mining isn't so bad sometimes. The boys are always kidding and cutting up. You mix more in the mines than other labor people. A miner doesn't like to work by himself; he likes to talk with the other boys in the washroom after the day is over. You're always with a bunch around you. They go away sometimes, some of them work in the oil fields, but it's lonesome work with maybe not a man near you for half a mile.

"No. 5 was a dry mine. Dust? Did you ever walk along a country road in summertime in bare feet? That's how thick it was. In the old days of handcutting there wasn't so much coal dust; there was time for it to settle. Now, with these cutting machines and these loading machines, they're going all the time and the dust is always in the air. It collects in your throat. Some of the boys down there were spitting gobs of dust out of their throats as long as your finger, as big around as a marble. We knew it was bad. We wrote a letter to Springfield about it.

"I got hit on the head by falling rocks several years ago and they gave me work on top. I was on top sorting coal at the end of the shaft the day it happened. My wife says she'll take in washing before she lets me go down again."

\$18 per week for grief

MOST of the men who died listed but one dependent. These were old men; their widows, each nursing her private grief, will move in with sons and daughters who have found a life in Centralia that lets them look at the sun each day. For five years, once each week, they will receive a state check for \$18; the federal government will send them a Social Security check of \$20 or \$30 a month. But the federal checks will continue after the state compensation ends and as long as their lonely lives last.

Three of the dead men left families with four or more children. To these families the state will start sending next week \$24 a week—for five years. The mothers, too numbed to think or look ahead, only dimly make out the shape of the future. Stunned with shock,

bruised by publicity, by flashbulbs of photographers trying to catch the shimmer of tears, they clutch convulsively at their children.

The thin woman patted the baby's bottom with the reflex action of a mother who feels for a wet diaper:

"We were his life and glory. He always used to say if anything happened to me he would never let anything break up the children. And I'm not going to let the children be broken up either. I just don't know what I'm going to do, I just don't know. But I'm going to take care of these children. Milk costs 14 cents a quart. We'll get the money from Social Security and the state money and maybe I can feed them on that: I'll make them clothes. But I'm going to stay here and give them a good education so they can get a good job and make out that way. They aren't going into the mines."

"Ruthie won't finish school"

SOME of them think ahead. The stout woman in the gingham dress ran her fingers through the hair of the two little boys in soiled overalls. "Well, we've got a cow and that milk comes in mighty handy. And we've got vegetables. I imagine I'll make them clothes. But I don't know how a person is going to get along. Ruthie, she's fifteen, she won't finish high school. Ruthie can get a job in a hospital, maybe. But the money will all go for groceries. I'd like the boys to go to high school, but I don't know, I don't know..."

Sealed deep in each of them along with the grief is the bitterness. "All his family were miners," said the young woman with gentle eyes and quiet voice, "but he was against it. He liked the work in the oil fields, but in the oil fields he was always traveling and when you have children you have to settle down. His whole life was here with the children.

"We used to have lots of ambitions for the first one, but after the first one we just wanted them to grow up. I'll just have to stay home and take care of them. I can't leave them now because you can't pay enough money to a woman to take care of children the way you would yourself. The state money will last five years and then maybe the



Lithograph by Harry Sternberg

"IT'S SO NOISY WITH THE MACHINES THAT YOU CAN'T HEAR THE ROCK BEGIN TO CRACK AND FALL."

little one will be in school and I'll be able to go to work. I went to high school, but high school doesn't prepare you for a thing. Maybe I can get work then in a garment factory or the candy factory.

"There's just no insurance. He put insurance on the children but he just wouldn't talk of dying himself. He was moody all that last week. He couldn't sleep. I said to him there's something wrong. He wouldn't talk about it, he just would say, 'Things are getting bad down there.' And then the Sunday before it happened he went over to his mother's to get his papers. The ones he had in the steel mills in Gary. He told her he was going back to work in the steel mills in the spring. He never told me that . . ."

In Centralia last week the special committee of the Illinois Legislature finished its hearings. A handful of people scattered themselves thinly through the large hall to hear the neat, well

dressed men from Springfield dissect the disaster.

It will be impossible ever to find out why the 111 men were killed cutting coal from the seams. Centralia No. 5, owned by an impersonal corporation, directed by an impersonal vice-president in Chicago, had let coal dust gather thick in the corridors, in the rooms, on the ribs and roof of its workings. The powdered particles that choked the men were as combustible as tinder, as dangerous as explosives. Repeatedly the owners had been warned to sprinkle the coal dust or lessen the hazard with rock dust. They had ignored the warnings.

Robert M. Medill, the Director of Mines, had known of these warnings: his subordinate inspector had reported the mine as unsafe. But Medill was pressuring his men for collection of contributions to the Republican mayoralty campaign in Chicago. Everyone knew that each day's coal blasting car-

ried with it a charge of death. No one had acted.

Well tailored gentlemen

EVENTUALLY, out of their findings, the well tailored gentlemen will weave a new law: the Department of Mines and Minerals will probably be removed from politics and placed under civil service. Safety precautions in the mines will be made mandatory. Perhaps some day the mines will be safe places to work, and men will work in them for other reasons besides brute economic compulsion. But until then, older and older men will go down the shaft each morning, and the young men will drift away.

The three miners in the audience, stern and serious, listened all through the afternoon till the committee dissolved itself in a party split. "I've got 18 acres of land now," said one of them. "If only I had 60 acres I'd never have to go back to the mines again."



US Policy Act II: Korea

GENERATIONS of returning missionaries have left us with the impression that Korea is a sweet, archaic land needing only Christianity to awaken and enlighten it. That impression has been deepened in American minds by the *National Geographic Magazine's* colorful, apolitical Kodachromes. Yet this old illusion is falling to pieces under the pressure of the intense interest that both the US and the USSR are showing in what travel lecturers always call "The Hermit Kingdom." And the whys and wherefores of Korea are taking on additional importance as the State Department puts Korea high on the list for future "anti-Communist" loans and since Marshall and Molotov have agreed in Moscow that a new attempt must be made to solve the Korean question.

The American and Russian troops swarming into Korea in September, 1945, found a country that had not only suffered occupation, but had been repressed, organized and drained of its economic resources by Japanese conquerors ever since 1905.

A peninsula protruding southward from the Asiatic mainland below Manchuria, Korea has an area of 85,000 square miles (approximately the size of Great Britain), with a population of 28.5 million. Its wooded northern hills are rich in coal, iron, copper and other minerals. Its rolling southern fields grow abundant crops of rice, barley and other grains, while the heavily indented coast has given rise to extensive fishing and shipbuilding industries. So Korea was a rich prize for Japanese expansionism at the beginning of this century.

Though culturally akin to the Chinese, the Koreans have a language of their own, which, unlike other Oriental tongues, has a genuine phonetic alphabet. In appearance the Koreans are less Mongolian than the Chinese, while they are generally taller than the Japanese.

For centuries Koreans have lived in conditions of poverty so extreme as to make the lot of the Chinese coolie and the Japanese peasant look glamorous by comparison. To begin with, two

percent of the people own 66 percent of the land. More than 75 percent of all farmers live on farms of less than three acres owned by absentee landlords. Average production per farm is worth about \$150 annually, of which the tenant keeps only 18 to 25 percent. As a result, the Korean masses, though famous as rice growers, cannot afford to eat rice themselves and must subsist on cheap millet imported from Manchuria. Malnutrition has resulted in a high death rate and in frequent epidemics of cholera and other diseases.

The Japanese conquerors, far from mitigating conditions, as some naïve Koreans at first thought they would, made them more severe. Only a handful of the wealthy class was allowed to get an education. The rest were sent only to primary schools to learn Japanese in a land where policemen far outnumbered teachers. Large Zaibatsu holding companies acquired vast areas of farm lands, forests and mines, exporting the output to Japan or to Japanese customers and allowing native landlords and businessmen only enough crumbs to keep them cooperative.

During the long occupation, many Koreans of the latter class became collaborationists of the Japanese, with the result that the landlord and the usurer—universally cursed by poor peasants throughout the Orient—were doubly hated in Korea as being tools of the foreign conqueror.

KOREAN hatred of the Japanese led to the uprising of 1919, which was bloodily put down. Streams of exiles and refugees spread through Siberia and Manchuria, until they numbered more than a million, while other Koreans emigrated to China. After the uprising, the exiles formed a provisional Korean government, which soon bore witness to conflicting American and Russian interests in Korea. One wing of the exiles, centered in Manchuria, looked to newly Sovietized Russia for support. A more conservative wing set up headquarters in the French settlement in Shanghai and looked to the United States for

backing. Eventually it was the latter wing which gained the most prestige abroad as spokesman for anti-Japanese forces in Korea. During the twenties and thirties the provisional government waited in vain to get any kind of hearing from the big powers. But three days after Pearl Harbor the exiled Koreans declared war on Japan. In Manchuria untold thousands of them fought as guerrillas. Other Korean forces fought alongside Chiang Kai-shek's troops in free China.

AT CAIRO and again at Potsdam freedom and independence were promised to Korea "in due course." At Potsdam it was also agreed that American and Russian troops would occupy Korea, their zones to be divided by an arbitrary line running along the 38th parallel. This line originally was intended only as a device to prevent confusion among the occupying forces. But as difficulties between the Russians and the Americans increased, the 38th parallel became an impenetrable wall that divided Korea into two countries. North of the dividing line, the Russians had most of the mineral resources and hydroelectric power which were the basis of Korean industry. South of the parallel, the Americans occupied most of the rich farming land, and without free interchange between these two members of the Korean body, steps toward economic nationhood were impossible.

While still in China, the provisional Korean government announced a reform program that (a) provided for the nationalization of all Japanese property in Korea, (b) guaranteed respect of the rights of Korean-owned property, (c) outlined a plan for redistribution of land to those who worked on it, and (d) planned progressive health and welfare legislation. To most Koreans the program seemed mild enough, in the light of their long suffering under the Japanese and the deep cleavages between classes which Japanese exploitation had intensified. Before any Allied troops set foot on Korean soil, People's Committees of Law and Order were set

up in various parts of the country to take control from the Japanese, to oust collaborators and to organize rice distribution on a fairer basis. Representatives of these committees in the Congress at Seoul formed the Korean People's Republic. Under the leadership of Lyuh Woon Hyung, a Socialist newspaperman who had spent a year in a Japanese prison camp, the Congress made a start toward reform. Then came the Allied occupiers.

IN THE Russian zone the People's Committees were allowed to function under the Occupation Administration. Pro-Japanese Koreans either fled south or were quickly disposed of. Recognizing a revolutionary tide among the peasants, who compose 90 percent of the population, the Russians allowed it to run its course within the limits of their own policies. One of the Soviets' primary interests, as in Germany, was in the industry their army found on the spot. Edwin W. Pauley's report indicated that little machinery had actually been removed, but Russian secretiveness has obscured the facts.

In the American zone, meanwhile, the People's Committees were not looked on with equal favor. To the average Military Government officer only superficially familiar with Korea's immediate history, the committees' program sounded like the purest Bolshevism. Upon his arrival, Lieutenant General John R. Hodge announced that for the time being the Japanese administrators would be retained. His order aroused bitter protests and demonstrations, in the course of which Koreans were shot down by Japanese police.

Thereafter the Japanese were slowly removed from office, but the Koreans chosen by the AMG to take their places were mostly extreme rightists, some of whom had demonstrated pro-Japanese sentiment. One of them, for instance, named Yu Uk Kymm, was said by the Koreans even to have made recruiting speeches for the Japanese army during the war.

As a result of Japanese restrictions on education and the virtual absence of governmental and technical jobs, there is no middle, professional class in Korea to act as a political balance wheel. Class

distinctions were even further accentuated during the war when food shortages, along with soaring taxes and prices, caused great suffering among Korean farmers and workers. How small a group of people enjoyed a share in the nation's wealth is demonstrated by the fact that only 11.3 percent of the paid-up capital of Korea's industrial corporations was in the hands of native Koreans in 1938.

By opposing the Left and putting great difficulties in the way of achieving any of its reform program, the AMG succeeded in uniting Korean radicals as they had never been united before. Although there is a multiplicity of political parties in Korea, they boil down in actuality to four major groupings which under occupation pressure have been divided into only two. The rightists, located principally in Seoul, have no well formulated program except extreme anti-Sovietism and slow-down of land reform. The leftists, including the Communist Party and the non-Communist People's Party, have made great gains through the countryside on their land-distribution program alone. The Left also added to its popular support by urging higher wages, universal suffrage, and price control to ensure fair food distribution.

AT the Moscow Conference in December, 1945, a plan for a five-year civilian trusteeship for Korea was agreed upon, with the US, the USSR, Britain and China acting as trustees. During the five-year period the Koreans were to be trained for self-government much as the Filipinos were through increasing participation in their own administration.

Korean disappointment over this postponement of complete independence was at first common to all political factions. Then the Left, after thinking it over, decided that trusteeship was better than a divided Korea under military occupation. But the Right, led by Syngman Rhee, launched a bitter attack upon any trusteeship plan that included Russian participation. Rhee and his adherents refused to enter an all-party coalition which the leftists had hoped would confront the occupying powers with a united Korean demand for uni-

fying the country. As matters turned out, the quarrels of Korean factions helped wreck American-Russian negotiations for setting up the trusteeship.

At a meeting of the American and Russian military commanders at Seoul early in 1946, the Americans proposed that all political parties should be consulted in setting up a government for the entire country. The Russians objected on the grounds that those elements which had violently declared their intention to fight trusteeship could not be trusted to implement the Moscow agreement. The US-Russian disagreement was argued on a lofty plane of principle, but there is some doubt whether either side ever tried real bargaining, since mutual Russian-American suspicions were at fever pitch in the Far East just then, centering chiefly on American policy in China.

Negotiations broke down in March and were never resumed, despite several American overtures. The Russians stood firm on their exclusion of anti-Russian Koreans and the US was equally firm in defense of the rights of Koreans to express their political opinions.

SINCE then almost the only interchange across the 38th parallel has taken the form of hot words and a certain amount of hydroelectric power which the Russians have allowed to be transmitted south for the fuel-hungry industry of the American zone. Isolation because of this barrier has been particularly hard on the south, because it always had depended on the north for coal, lumber, fertilizer and industrial necessities. The resultant deterioration of economic conditions has sent food prices far above wages, and a cholera epidemic last summer added to the unrest that plagued the American-occupiers.

Last fall these worsened economic conditions brought on a wave of strikes and demonstrations that amounted in some sections to virtual civil war. The American Military Government responded to this challenge by declaration of martial law, mass arrests and a ban on left-wing newspapers. Thousands of Koreans were in jail two months or more waiting trial; and in many cases when they came to trial, AMG officers were prosecutor, judge

and defense attorney all rolled into one. While in negotiations with the Russians the US championed free speech for Korean rightists, the AMG was denying exactly that freedom to Korean leftists because they criticized US policy.

This ambivalence in regard to freedom of speech has been only one of the inconsistencies in American policy in Korea. Today the confused inhabitants fail to understand American intentions and have come to fear (a) that they are being used as an anti-Russian weapon and (b) that American businessmen will eventually take over economic control.

Whether these fears will grow or wane depends on what form our rumored loan to Korea will take. So far the State Department, which is said to have listed a \$500 million Korean loan as next in line after the loans to Greece and Turkey, has not disclosed the framework of the loan—whether, for instance, it would be administered by the American military or whether it would be turned over along with diplomatic recognition to a southern Korean government.

THE chances are that the loan will be delayed until the outcome of the US-Russian military conference which was agreed upon at Moscow and scheduled for May 20. Whatever happens then, the Koreans have come to realize that their fate is less dependent on their own internal squabbles than on the political maneuvers of the great powers. If Japan, for instance, is allowed to keep her heavy industry, there is little to prevent Korea from continuing as an industrially underdeveloped source of raw materials for her Japanese neighbor. America's present policy is to allow Japan to follow that course.

Another misfortune of Korea is that the country is placed geographically at the crossroads where Chinese, Russian, American and Japanese power meet. Russia and the United States are both uncertain as to how the other intends to act in the Orient. For the Koreans, who already have waited through 42 years of occupation, first by Japan and then by Russia and the US, any more waiting is a hard price to pay for their promised freedom.

Hooperism Clears the Air

by Thomas Whiteside

*Who is Hooper, and how does he rate?
Meet the men—and the machines—
behind radio's sponsors*

WITHIN the splendid environs of Radio City, in New York, there has gathered an extraordinary cluster of medical specialists. Their specialty is the treatment of ulcers (known in the broadcasting profession as Radio Stomach), and to their laboratories repair endless armies of network executives for relief and solace.

Along this path tread vice-presidents, public-relations experts, comedians, talent brokers, and from as far away as Madison Avenue, puffed-wheat kings and the élite of our great advertising agencies. In surveying the melancholy procession, the impartial observer will note a curious phenomenon. The traffic tends to increase shortly after the fifteenth and thirtieth of every month. Of this, diagnosticians may have an involved explanation. But by a remarkable coincidence, it is on these very days that C. E. Hooper issues his semi-monthly Hooper Ratings.

Who is Hooper, and how does he rate?

Hooper is the voice of the people. When he speaks, he does so on behalf of 35 million radio families. Hooper is a scientist. He inquires by telephone into the nation's listening habits, and rates competing programs accordingly. The people tell Hooper, and Hooper tells radio's executives—for a fee.

Hooper rates highly. C. E. Hooper, Inc., makes a million dollars a year. In the rapidly crowding realm of audience research, Hooper is king, and Hooperism the synonym for the inquir-

ing mind. Radio executives feel naked without his small green folder, "Hooperatings Pocket Piece." They use it on every conceivable occasion. An acquaintance of mine recently approached a network executive and inquired enthusiastically about the network's new program of Beethoven string quartets. "I hear it's pretty good," he remarked. The network executive quickly reached into his inside pocket and whipped out his "Hooperatings Pocket Piece." "Well, fair," he said after a glance at the rating, "just fair."

Hello, Spitto!

IN the advertising agencies of Madison Avenue, the arrival of "Hooperatings Pocket Piece" is a solemn occasion. Behind the glass-brick walls, account executives pace back and forth, nervously breaking trail through the deep carpets. Cigarette consumption is up. Reverently the green booklets are brought in. Moving scenes follow. Assume the hypothetical case of "Life Can Be Terrible," a daily drama sponsored by the Spitto Cleanser Corporation. "Life Can Be Terrible's" Hooper has advanced two points—that is to say, an additional two out of every 100 families tapped by Hooper reported listening to "Life." The account executive is overcome with emotion. In the presence of all, he seizes the telephone and calls his client, the Spitto Corporation, to relay the news. This done, he leans back and slides into the highest and most envied state of euphoria to which the radio

profession can ascend: for a moment, he relaxes.

"When the Hooper goes up," said one advertising executive, "the phone hand goes out." When the rating goes down, the arm is frozen. "You keep away from the phone," said the executive, "stall around for a while and think up an alibi." This last delicate task invariably is handed on to the agency's research director. One of the best alibis is spring, for as the blossoms shoot upwards, Hoopers wither on the vine. The theory is that in spring the people tear themselves away from their radios and fare forth to examine nature. Baseball is also considered a sound alibi. One ingenious research director, after many hours of correlation and computation, successfully explained away a low rating by reporting that the weather being fine, the people were out in their automobiles listening to their radios, and consequently were beyond the reach of Hooper's telephone samplers. He expects this alibi to hold good until phones are generally installed in automobiles for the convenience of Hooper statisticians.

Five G's? Not Tums!

UNSUCCESSFUL alibis lead to disastrous results. For want of an extra Hooper point, an advertising account may be lost. And for want of an account, offending artists may be driven into outer darkness. Such was the sad case of "Pot o' Gold," an audience-participation program under the aegis of Tums, an anti-gas compound. For years, Tums had disbursed \$1,000 on each program. Unfortunately, other sponsors considered this a beggarly sum. Deeply concerned by the rising cost of living, they gradually raised their philanthropies to \$2,000, \$3,000 and \$4,000 each week. "Now 'Break the Bank,' for God's sakes, is giving away five grand," explained an advertising executive. As a result, "Pot o' Gold's" Hooper slumped alarmingly. Irked, Tums withdrew. "Pot o' Gold" melted away. "Okay, Hooper, you win," Happy Felton, the program's Master of Ceremonies, sighed dispiritedly as the show went off the air. Many consider this remark one of the most touching tributes ever made to the philosophy of Hooperism.

Yet Hooperism is not only a philosophy, it is a way of life, a Brand Excalibur, a Golden Fleece, a Cosmos. According to Hooper himself, Hooperism is "the most democratic thing in America." In its world the people's word is law. Inexorably, in 33 cities, Hooper searches out the people. In this broad endeavor he is assisted by a staff of 1,800 interviewers. Day and night, operating by synchronized watches, Hooper's snoopers are at work. From local telephone books, they lift numbers at random, call the selectees and briskly ask them if they are listening to the radio. Should they be attuned to, say, "The Hour of Charm," featuring Phil Spitalny's All Girl Orchestra, they are then requested to name the transmitting station. Having ascertained this, Hooper's snoopers hang up, and the democratic process races onwards. The replies are relayed to headquarters and there collated, tabulated, integrated and transmuted through Hooper's own statistical alchemy into the final, immaculate product—the Hooper Rating.

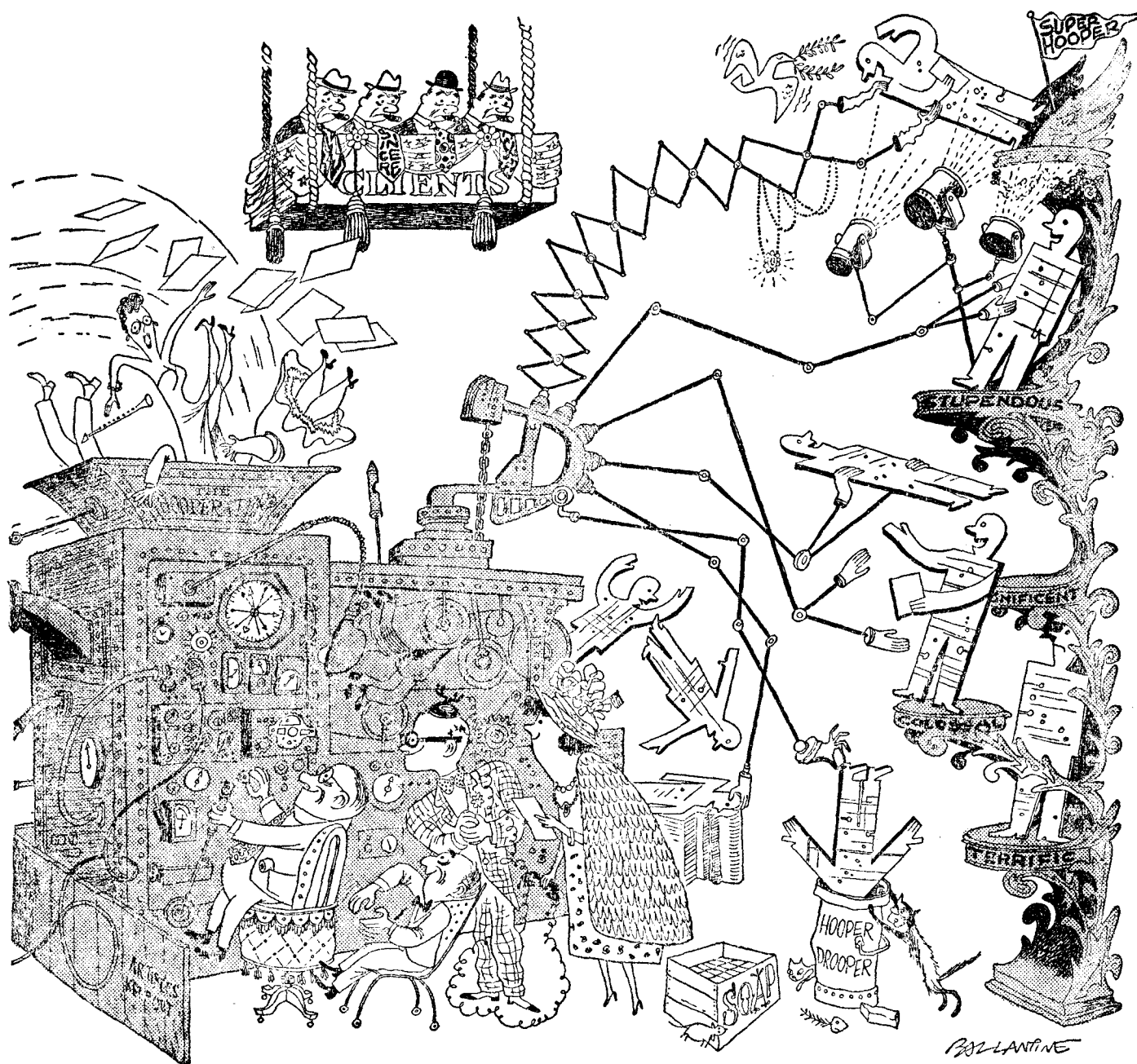
Armed with their Hooper Ratings and determined to elevate public taste to the highest common denominator, our radio executives insist on providing the greatest good for the greatest number. All else (like classical music, for example, which is written largely by foreigners) is stale, flat and unprofitable. In radio, a falling Hooper is considered a crime against democracy. New network programs are judged by their Hooper records. "All the sponsors have been brought up on the Hooper book," one advertising executive explained. "The client always wants the Hooper record. So you throw a mystery show at him. Generally, you can count on it hitting Hoopers in the sevens, eights and nines. A musical gets you a seven or eight Hooper and costs around nine grand a week. Or you can sling a soap opera at him. Two thousand a week! Cheap!"

"Right out of Shakespeare"

THAT so many sponsors do have so many soap operas slung at them, and like it, is in itself a triumph of Hooperism. Perhaps the most eloquent tribute to its philosophy may be seen in the nature of the top Hooperated programs themselves. As Hooper himself



has stated: "The program's the thing—you know, right out of Shakespeare." Among the first fifteen daytime Hooperated shows, therefore, currently are "Kate Smith Speaks," "Aunt Jenny," "Young Widder Brown" and "Ma Perkins." In the evening, there are Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Fibber McGee and Molly, and Walter Winchell. Of such a magical nature is the inventory of Hooperism that *Billboard*, a theatrical trade paper, has been able to calculate for each program the cost per Hooper point to the sponsor. "Ma Perkins," for example, is a regular bargain at \$164.36



per Hooper point. ("Ma's" Hooper is 7.9). "The Romance of Helen Trent," according to *Billboard's* statistics, delivers listeners to Heet Liniment at the rate of 46 cents per 1,000. "'Trent' hit the skids somewhat," reports *Billboard*, referring to her slipping Hooper, "and just about got into the chart by tying 'Lorenzo Jones' for 10th place. You can't squawk at those prices, however—\$1,800 for 'Trent' and \$2,000 for 'Jones'."

Against these admirable economics, the incidence of squawks is small indeed. Victoriously, the golden wave

of Hooperism advances, sweeping all before it. In vain is heard the dissenting voice of Archibald M. Crossley. A former rival of Hooper, Crossley flatly refers to Hooperism as "ratingitis," a "malignant disease." "Why talent stands for this blind worship of ratings," Crossley said recently, "I don't know. . . . People gasp for ratings almost like a thirsty man in a desert, and when they get them, pretty often they gasp even worse. Is all this gasping worthwhile?"

Evidently it is.

Like every philosophy, Hooperism

has its splinter movements, its specialists, its neo-logicians. No treatise on Hooperism would be complete without mention of A. C. Nielsen's Audimeter, Horace Schwerin's Reactocaster, the Stanton-Lazarsfeld Program Analyzer and the Ernest Walker Gag Meter. All these formidable machines supplement or rival Hooper's own method of testing the popularity of programs.

In the Audimeter, A. C. Nielsen has created an unfailing electro-mechanical snooper. This awesome engine combines the most intricate features of clock and motion-picture camera. Swarming into

house and home throughout the country, Nielsen agents contrive to attach their machines to the radios of rich and poor alike. In these sample homes the Audimeter measures every turn of the dial every minute of the day, records its observations on moving tape and in special cases relays its delicate symbols by wire to a central control room. There stand Nielsen master statisticians to compute, digest and synthesize for the benefit of radio executives the varied yearnings expressed in the dial spinings of a democratic people. Nielsen takes a dim view of Hooper.

Oral articulation, too

ANOTHER machine, the Stanton-Lazarsfeld Program Analyzer, tends to be more exclusive. In using it, CBS does not go to the people. It brings the people to the Program Analyzer. Special broadcasts invite them to test programs. First, CBS classifies willing listeners on the basis of sex, education and occupation. This information is duly punched on International Business Machine cards—"one card for each person." By this time, the people are reduced to holes on cards. Later, they appear in the flesh. But first, they have to be stratified, fed into IBM machines, reclassified and, eventually, notified. The sample must be representative: any other way is undemocratic. Then they are ushered into a studio, given cigarettes and, according to CBS, "put at ease."

From then on, the people are in the clutches of the Program Analyzer. Before them are green buttons and red buttons—green buttons to be pressed when the program is good, red buttons to be stabbed when the program is poor. All buttons, green or red, lead to "Little Annie" or "Big Annie," two versions of the Program Analyzer, where lies a mechanized mass of electric motors, capillary pens and moving tapes. With psychologists in attendance, the lights are dimmed. Then the program is played over a loudspeaker. The capillary pens get to work. Jokes are made. Red buttons are pressed. Commercials are sung. The ink flows fast. Finally, the people are given the opportunity for what CBS research experts call "oral articulation." Then they are allowed to go home. The whole process is highly

scientific. CBS researchers show little enthusiasm for the rival Nielsen Audimeter.

But Horace Schwerin's Reactocaster promises to be the juggernaut of them all. Schwerin eschews red buttons and green buttons. He has settled for a kind of joy-stick through which his audience can express its pleasure or sorrow at the program before it. Schwerin proceeds without moving tapes. Schwerin's joy-sticks are connected directly to IBM machines—one switch, one listener, one card. No capillary pens. Schwerin's people are not only punched into holes on cards, but their joy-stick movements are punched in synchronization with each gag, each character. Schwerin once literally wired his audience for emotion. He connected them to a lie detector.

Schwerin's democratic calculations save many a drooping Hooper. "Got to get age groups with purchasing power," confided one of his assistants. "Take women. Women over 50 don't buy—sponsors don't go for that. We tested a singer. The guy was appealing mostly to women over 50. We examined his program. The songs he was singing were popular 45 years ago. We advised him to bring his songs up to date. That leveled off the age appeal. Now the guy is drawing an audience from all age groups." The sponsor is happy. Schwerin is happy. At NBC, which uses the Reactocaster, they don't talk about the Stanton-Lazarsfeld Program Analyzer.

For bigger and better laughs

ERNEST WALKER'S Gag Meter, meanwhile, runs on seismographic lines. It records, measures and evaluates applause or laughter. Within the realm of Hooperism, Walker has built up a philosophy of his own about comedy programs, the study of which is his specialty. Walker has devised a number of precise formulas. He believes that the best of comedy programs should be so constructed that after each joke the audience laughs for 3.2 seconds. The volume of laughter, after such a joke, should ascend to 75.4 percent on the basis of a potential 100 percent. And there should be four laughs per minute. "A comedian who averages under 70 percent on his laugh volume is cooked," reported *Tide* after a talk

with Walker. From such intricate variables Walker has evolved a commendable Gag Index. One comedienne had almost hit rock-bottom on the Gag Index before Walker rescued her. Within two weeks after using his formula, her laugh volume rose from 84.6 to 88 percent, a miraculous transformation.

Perhaps the ultimate in Hooperism is the stable of writers now churning out scripts amid the cows on a New Jersey farm. There, hovering over the clacking typewriters, is Albert E. Sindlinger, former director of Gallup's Audience Research Institute. Sindlinger has hit upon a remarkable system. Scarcely have the writers finished a page before Sindlinger tears it from the machine and rushes it to samples of the American people for pre-testing by a new and secret scientific process. In this manner not a solitary word is allowed to pass without prior approval of the electorate. The stable is subsidized by Walter E. Heller, the far-sighted chieftain of a huge Chicago investment syndicate, and consequently is sure to succeed. With Sindlinger's seal, every script is positively guaranteed to render none but the highest Hoopers.

Onwards and upwards

THUS are delicately interwoven into the fabric of radio the warp of Art and the woof of Science. The pattern is bright. Can anything mar the luster of Hooperism?

Pondering this question, I made my way to Hooper headquarters and asked to see a statistical executive. (While I waited, the receptionist offered me a cellophane-wrapped sheaf of vitamin pills from a large pile in her Out box—apparently a routine procedure in Hooper's dynamic organization.) The appointment was made. Fortified with vitamins, I walked amid the tabulating machines. Holes went in at one end, and Hooper Ratings came out at the other.

"What happens," I asked the Hooper executive, "if the IBM machines make a mistake?"

The Hooper executive looked at me silently for a moment. "Quite impossible," he said quietly. "We've already provided for that. The machines are wired for accuracy."

Naturalism's Terrible McTeague

by Malcolm Cowley

The last great break in American literary form can be dated from the publication of Frank Norris' first novel

THE NATURALISTIC movement in American letters, which has produced so many famous books and battles with the censors, is now half a century old. If we wanted to commemorate one of the events that marked its birth, we might choose the first meeting between Frank Norris and William Dean Howells.

Howells at the time was a vigorous man of sixty. Much later he would be attacked by the younger Naturalists as the archetype of everything they opposed in American fiction, and Sinclair Lewis would dismiss him as having "the code of a pious old maid whose greatest delight was to have tea at the vicarage." But Howells in his late prime was a different sort of figure, thought to be mildly subversive and tainted with European notions. He was a socialist, a champion of realism and the patron of all the angry young novelists who were breaking windows to let in the air. How he appeared to the rebels of 1898 can be seen from one of Norris' magazine pieces, "A Lost Story."

"He was," Norris said, speaking of an imaginary character named Trevor, but undoubtedly thinking of Howells, "a short, rotund man, rubicund as to face, bourgeois as to clothes and surroundings, jovial in manner, indulging even in slang. One might easily set him down as a retired groceryman—whole-

sale, perhaps, but none the less a groceryman." Norris didn't forget that his own father was a jewelry manufacturer, many steps above the tradesman. "Yet touch him upon the subject of his profession," Norris continued, "and the bonhomie lapsed away from him at once. This elderly man of letters, who had seen the rise and fall of a dozen schools, was above the influence of fads, and he whose books were among the classics even before his death was infallible in his judgments of the work of the younger writers. All the stages of their evolution were known to him—all their mistakes, all their successes. He understood; and a story by one of them, a poem, a novel, that bore the stamp of his approval, was 'sterling'."

Norris dressed in tails to spend his first evening at the Howells' New York apartment; he liked to be the dandy when he had money for good clothes. He was a big, engaging young man of twenty-eight with prematurely gray hair and a wide cupid's-bow mouth that curled into almost professionally boyish smiles. Having been the rather spoiled eldest son of a wealthy family, he had formed a high opinion of himself that kept him from feeling professional jealousy and therefore permitted him to have a high opinion of others. Howells liked him so much at their first meeting that he consented to read the manuscript of the Zolaesque novel that his visitor had lately finished after working on it at intervals for four years. It was called *McTeague*, and it was the story

of an unlicensed San Francisco dentist who had murdered his miserly wife. A few evenings later Norris came back to hear the master's judgment. This time he was received by Howells in lounging slippers and they sat for a long time by the open fire talking about the novel. It wouldn't be popular, Howells said, but he gave it the stamp of his approval; it was sterling.

Most of the magazines were shocked by *McTeague* when it was published in February, 1899. The *Independent* called it a dangerous book that had "no moral, esthetical or artistic reason for being." The *Bookman* condemned it as "the unexpected revival of realism in its most unendurable form." There was much in the book that worried Howells, too, but he reviewed it with something close to enthusiasm.

It prompted him to raise a serious question in the weekly column he was writing for *Literature*. The question was "whether we shall abandon the old-fashioned American ideal"—to which Howells had always clung—"of a novel as something which may be read by all ages and sexes, for the European notion of it as something fit only for age and experience, and for men rather than women; whether we shall keep to the bonds of the provincial proprieties, or shall include within the imperial territory of our fiction the passions and motives of the savage world which underlies as well as environs civilization." Howells did not try to answer the question; but he said with what proved to be a remarkable sense of prophecy, "The time may come at last when we are to invade and control Europe in literature. I do not say that it has come, but if it has we may have to employ European means and methods."

MCTEAGUE was not the first American novel to employ European means and methods, including those of the French Naturalists; there must have been others that remained in manuscript, like a wicked book by two St. Louis reporters that Dreiser describes in his memoirs. Nor was *McTeague* the first Naturalistic novel to be published here, for Stephen Crane's *Maggie: a Girl of the Streets* had been issued by D. Appleton and Company in 1896.

This is the first of three articles on the beginnings of American Naturalism. The concluding articles will appear in early issues of the New Republic.—THE EDITORS

But *Maggie*, though it dealt with poverty and prostitution from a Naturalistic point of view, was not so much American as metropolitan; it was an episode that might have taken place in any large city. *McTeague* was localized; it was the first novel that applied Zola's massive technique, his objective approach and his taste for the grotesquely common to a setting that everyone recognized as American.

Today it has lost its power to shock, but it retains more vitality and clear-sightedness than any of Norris' later novels. The others, even *The Octopus*, are full of romantic situations in the taste of the time; we read them today as period pieces. And the author himself, when we follow his career in Franklin Walker's biography, arouses a good deal of affectionate amusement mingled with our respect for what he achieved. He was a giant who never grew up. He never got over his dependence on his strong-minded mother; every illness sent him scurrying home

to her apron strings. Harry Thurston Peck, the editor of the *Bookman*, said of Norris in a letter, "The author of the terrible *McTeague* is a pleasant, cultivated young gentleman, inclined to be obstreperous—and humorless—in arguments on realism, but in every other respect a very pleasant boy." He also thought that his face suggested "photographs of Hawthorne or some classic actor." Another observer thought that Norris resembled "an old-time tragedian . . . Edwin Booth, perhaps." The truth was that Norris' writing was full of stage effects and that he never lost the actor's habit of looking at himself admiringly in the successive roles he played: the art student, the French dandy with sideburns and a cane, the fraternity brother, the breezy Westerner, the man about town, the Anglo-Saxon imperialist and explorer, the romantic lover, the struggling writer, the great novelist. Yes, even the last was a role; for his letters give the impression that Norris stood back and applauded him-

self as the author of books on big themes that he chose for their bigness, no matter how foreign they might be to his own experience.

ABOUT the time that *McTeague* appeared, he was getting launched on the biggest theme of all. "Tell Burgess I'm full of ginger and red pepper," he said in a letter, "and am getting ready to stand up on my hind legs and yell *big*." At the end of March, 1899, he wrote to Howells thanking him for his review of *McTeague*. "I have the idea of another novel or rather series of novels buzzing in my head these days," he added. "I think there is a chance for somebody to do some great work with the West and California as a background, and which will be at the same time thoroughly American."

"My idea is to write three novels around the one subject of *Wheat*. First, a story of California (the producer), second, a story of Chicago (the distributor), third, a story of Europe (the consumer) and in each to keep to the idea of this huge Niagara of wheat rolling from West to East. I think a big epic trilogy *could* be made out of such a subject, that at the same time would be modern and distinctly American. The idea is so big that it frightens me at times but I have about made up my mind to have a try at it."

The first volume of the trilogy was published just two years later, in April, 1901. *The Octopus* was on all counts his most ambitious novel, the most carefully composed, the broadest and most colorful in its background, the closest in its theme to great historical events. It was written after a period of sudden booms and depressions, when big business was swallowing little businesses and millions of individuals felt themselves the victims of impersonal corporations or uncontrollable forces. Norris gave expression to their sense of injustice and bewilderment; and he also introduced new technical methods, especially in his collective treatment of the California ranchers. His chapters on the barn dance and the rabbit drive were almost the first portrayals in American fiction of a group that exulted and suffered as one man. *The Octopus*, in one of his favorite phrases, was a book



By Joseph Pennell, from "San Francisco: The Golden Gate"

"as big as all outdoors"; but its bigness was achieved at the expense of many strained effects and more concessions than he had made in *McTeague* to the bad taste of the day. At the end it declined into muzzy sentiments and fine writing.

Howells admired *The Octopus* with reservations; after the comparatively unpretentious honesty of *McTeague*, he seems to have felt that it made too many compromises. But there were still more compromises in the second volume of the trilogy, *The Pit*, which appeared in January, 1903, after being serialized in the *Saturday Evening Post*. With its effort to romanticize the big gambler on the Chicago Board of Trade, and with its secondary plot about the wife who discovers that she really loves him after being tempted to run away with a fresh-water esthete, who in turn is merely funny instead of being the sinister figure that Norris tried to present, it becomes a provincial melodrama rather than a second canto in the epic of the wheat. *The Pit* seems to indicate that Norris had made his peace with genteel society. Perhaps the indication is false, for the author was dissatisfied with his latest work. Perhaps the next book would have been better; but he died suddenly of peritonitis in the autumn of 1902, before *The Pit* was published and before he had even begun to collect material for the third volume.

IT IS EASY now to see the faults of his work. He was a borrower of literary effects; he took those he needed wherever he found them, in Kipling, Stevenson or Tolstoy, as well as Zola. He depended on instinct rather than intelligence for his choice of borrowings, since he thought viscerally, with his heart and bowels instead of his brain. In that respect he resembled the first Roosevelt; and Henry Adams' judgment of the President applies to the novelist equally: "We are timid and conventional, all of us except TR, and he has no mind." But TR was often timid and conventional in politics, for all his bluster, just as Norris was often conventional in writing his big dramatic scenes and timid in his moral judgments. Norris' moral rebellion, like TR's political rebellion, stayed within

the limits of what was then good form.

He had no feeling for any but the most obvious social values; I think it was Henry James who said that Norris' pictures of Chicago society would have been good satires if he had known they were satires. He was proud of not writing careful prose. He didn't live long enough to learn many subtleties of character or the use in portraying them of many shades between black and white. Yet it may be that his faults and failures helped to keep him close to a public that had missed the gentler ironies in Henry B. Fuller's work and felt that Stephen Crane was cold, European and probably corrupt. They were the faults of his time and they contributed to his

timely influence on American writing.

His great virtues were also of a sort that the public could learn to respect: freshness, narrative vigor, a marvelous eye for the life around him and courage to portray it in its drama and violence, besides the ability to construct his novels, like Zola's, in massive blocks. His literary career lasted only six years, but he managed, even more than Dreiser, to impress his personality, some of his particular virtues and many of his shortcomings on the whole Naturalistic school that would follow him. Norris was the man responsible for the publication of Dreiser's first novel—but that is a story that can wait for another week.



Books in Review



They Almost Got Away With It

SHORTLY after noon on July 20, 1944, the destiny of the world hung by a table leg. Adolf Hitler was standing at that table, poring over maps with his immediate staff. Under the table stood a briefcase containing a bomb. One of his adjutants unknowingly shoved the briefcase aside so that the table support came directly between it and Hitler. As a result, when it went off and killed others in the room, Hitler escaped with minor damage.

Allen W. Dulles, the crack wartime OSS operator in strategic Switzerland, tells the story of the conspiracy that led to the bombing in his terse and vivid *Germany's Underground* (Macmillan, \$3). He knows the story better than anyone else, since he dealt directly with some of the conspirators and then founded up the documents on the aftermath. Apparently he thought pretty highly of most of the plotters, and he advocated our getting together with them, or at least encouraging their program.

There were influential people in the State Department and the British Foreign Office who felt as Dulles did, and

if the plotters had succeeded in disposing of Hitler and placing themselves in power, we might very well have got together with them. After all, they were interested in calling off the war—on certain conditions, that is.

What kind of men were they, and what were their conditions? Dulles is lucid on the first point, but obscure on the second. With very few exceptions, they were not long-standing anti-Nazis or opponents of Prussian militarism as such. On the contrary: for the most part they were people who had either made their peace with Nazism during its early and glamorous stage or had even thrived under it. But then had come a time when Nazism itself had ceased to thrive and be glamorous.

A very few, like the inspirational young Junker, Count Helmuth von Moltke, were moderate liberals who were attracted both to the American and British constitutions and to a vague ideal of Christian socialism. But dominating the rest of the roster were members of Germany's big brass and bureaucracy. There were General Beck, Army Chief of Staff in expansive 1938; Carl Friedrich Goerdeler, a ranking Nazi official until 1936; Field Marshal Witzleben, Commander in Chief on the

Western Front in 1941; Johannes Popitz, Nazi Party member and Prussian Minister of Finance; Hans Bernd Gisevius, former member of the nationalist Stahlhelm organization.

Also on the list were the devious Admiral Canaris, who had aided Germany's secret rearmament and had risen to the post of chief of counter-intelligence; the shifty Albrecht Haushofer, long-time intimate of Rudolf Hess; the bumptious Field Marshal Rommel, loyal to Hitler until two weeks before the July 20 bomb; and, finally, the savage Count Helldorff, primordial Nazi strongman and Police President of Berlin, who remarked, "We will all have to jump off the Hitler bandwagon some day."

At the fringe of this assortment there also hovered a few underground labor spokesmen; but one of the best of them, the former Socialist deputy Carlo Mierendorff, described the revolutionary group for what it was when he remarked, "We are obliged to act without the masses and leave the initiative to the generals." As Dulles himself admits, "The German underground was not an organized popular movement."

Clearly, it was to be a revolt from the top down and not the other way around. And its objectives? For the most part its leaders were so vague and indecisive that it looked as if they had no objectives at all other than just getting rid of Hitler. Back in 1938, for instance, when Beck's group of generals had started conspiring, they had not been able to make up their minds whether to turn the civilian government over to the reactionary Baron von Neurath or the Social-Democratic Gustav Noske. Later the conspirators tinkered variously with the idea of installing Goering in power, of getting rid of Goering and establishing a monarchy, and even of making joint cause with Heinrich Himmler.

BUT on one point the Beck-Goerdeler group was clear; they wanted to negotiate a peace with the West—a peace that would save a "reformed" Germany from final disaster and that might, in addition, bring the Western Allies to her aid against the advancing Soviets. Accordingly their intermediaries tried over and over to get us to talk "terms" and to abandon our demand

for unconditional surrender in exchange for receiving the token head of Hitler.

THESE "terms" varied with the personalities involved, and Dulles does not enlarge on them. Since he is reticent, let me cite as an example the "terms" which I understand on good authority were proposed informally by Adam von Trott zu Solz, one of the conspirators who was in touch with Dulles. Among these were:

1. The Germany army to be demobilized by a new German government and not by occupation forces;
2. In case of an Allied occupation, a new German government set up by the Beck-Goerdeler group must be allowed to get started beforehand;
3. No territory that was German before 1936 to be taken away;
4. Nazi war criminals to be tried only by Germans.

Attached to these terms was the familiar blackmail proposition to the effect that if the West did not relax its unconditional-surrender demand, defeated Germany would surely "go communist."

Dulles and many others in key posts were so impressed by this last line of argument that they went to bat for it in Washington and London. As one who took part in radio and leaflet propaganda operations against German troops and civilians after the July 20 bomb burst, I can testify to the heavy pressure that was brought to hail Hitler's revolting generals as the saviors of Germany and to promise them support. Our strongest ally against this pressure was simply the fact that the generals hadn't killed Hitler after all, and that a good many of them in fact had gotten cold feet at the last moment. Even if you called them saviors, the fact remained that they were failures.

As Dulles frankly says of American undercover work in Germany, "Those with whom we were chiefly in contact reflected the opinions of the Right." What he lets us feel is that our contact men also reflected the opinions of the Right. The rightists came near getting away with what they were after. The officer who carried the bomb into Hitler's room was brave, but perhaps it is just as well that he missed.

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

Trotz misslungenem
Attentat auf Hitler :

GENERALE
PROKLAMIEREN
FRIEDENSREGIERUNG !

Berlin, 21. Juli : In einer Radioansprache um 1 Uhr morgens gab Hitler zu, dass die gestrige Proklamation der Friedensbewegung von führenden deutschen Generalen stammt.

Goering befahl der Luftwaffe, gegen die Bewegung einzu-

"Generals proclaim a peace government," said millions of leaflets showered by the Allies upon German troops the day after the July 20, 1944, military uprising against Hitler. But since the revolting generals wanted peace at their own price, the Allies had to avoid the trap of supporting their cause.

A Way Out

LYMAN BRYSON, who has taught thousands of teachers and whose voice has reached millions of radio listeners, believes that the kind of thinking about man and society which the social sciences can offer is important to all Americans who care about the future, and in *Science and Freedom* (Columbia, \$2.75) he discusses simply and unpretentiously what is meant by scientific method in dealing with human beings, the nature of the individual, of social institutions and of social change and how education can intelligently perform its functions today.

Dr. Bryson finds three great patterns of thinking—the practical, the absolute and the scientific. Men have so far been "pitifully timid" in using the scientific pattern to direct their own lives or to organize their own knowledge about themselves. The triumphs of science in the material world have not led people to trust the same kind of thinking in the social world. Bryson's argument is that man pays a terrible price for his ignorance and unwillingness. The modern world is demonstrably a world of inevitable social change, and any glance at history shows how disastrously expensive social changes have been. The scientific pattern of thinking is the great achievement of the Western world and Bryson believes that it is our moral duty to apply it to our toughest problem: ourselves.

It is not fair to summarize here the book's sensible and illuminating discussion of man as a creature "specialized for learning" who cannot fall back on instincts; of the individual seen as a bundle of habits with a marginal capacity for change; of institutions as geared-in, shared habits in a society; of social change as taking place within persons themselves as their habits and loyalties find a new and different equilibrium. The chapter on education, perhaps the key chapter, is a discussion of goals which can guide our practice if we accept the analyses scientific thinking puts at our disposal.

Bryson does not formulate in this volume any here-and-now program of social action or bring to judgment the advocates of various kinds of freedom.

Along his way, however, he challenges many current opinions. He has already been attacked for the proposition he restates in this book that a perfect society is one "in which no one would die for anything, not for any idea nor any ideal nor any good." He will rouse opposition by his argument that what a workable society needs most is a tempering of all the virtues—"evil lies in excess, not in the choice of action." Bryson usually is content to leave his propositions almost in the form of passing comments, but every reader will find pages which will make him stop and ponder.

RUTH BENEDICT

Ruth Benedict is an associate professor of Anthropology at Columbia University. Her most recent book is The Chrysanthemum and the Sword: Patterns of Japanese Culture, published last fall by Houghton Mifflin.

A Reader's List

Life and the Dream, by Mary Colum (Doubleday, \$3.50). Mary Colum, distinguished critic, wife of Padraic Colum, friend of Yeats, Joyce and dozens of lesser writers, records the events, conversations, opinions and ideas of a rich literary life. Caught in the spell of the Irish Renaissance, Mrs. Colum was educated in Dublin, a city "reeking with intelligence and nimble wits," where poets shouldered rifles and the crowds at literary discussions had to be held back by police lines. Having known Dublin's greats, she writes, "I was forever afterwards disappointed with all the other life I knew." Consequently, no fight for political freedom subsequent to the Irish rebellion appears to have won her enthusiasm. As a literary critic, however, Mrs. Colum writes with great charm and authority.

Miss Allick, by Rupert Croft-Cooke (Holt, \$2.75), is a tract disguised as a novel, directed against the commercial fiction of the interwar period. Miss Allick is a governess who is determined to write best-sellers, and she succeeds in producing a whole series of fashionable books which are hailed as art: the novel of the exotic lover, the scandalous lost-generation novel, the family chronicle, the novel discovering

the common people. The book is funny, bitter and biting and only preachy at the end. The author's point—which readers and critics may brood on—is that since the First World War the line of demarcation between art and popular literature has been erased and for the past 25 years we have been sold into accepting best-sellers as masterpieces and mediocrity has become our touchstone.

Crime and Punishment

Final Curtain, by Ngaio Marsh (Little, Brown, \$2.50). Agatha Troy, famous British painter and wife of Inspector Roderick Alleyn of Scotland Yard, agrees to go to Ancreton Manor to paint the portrait of that old luminary of the British stage, Sir Henry Ancred. Troy finds life in "Katzenjammer Castle" confusing: the Antreds are a bunch of temperamental eccentrics and one or more of them is busy playing nasty practical jokes on the rich old man. Sir Henry's sudden death brings Alleyn into the case, and with Troy's aid, plus that of "Foxkins," plus a good deal of middle-aged billing and cooing on the part of the Alleyns (watch out, Miss Marsh, remember what happened to the Wimseys), the affair is cleverly resolved. A good puzzle, but overloaded with trimmings.

Murder Miscellany.—Two thrillers with spy overtones have turned up lately. Hammond Innes' *Fire in the Snow* (Harpers, \$2.50) is a British film writer's account of the ten hectic post-war days he spent in the Dolomites, during which a puzzling and unsavory chapter of Nazis activities is cleared up. Complete with a charming Irishman, a sinister Greek and a beauteous Mata Hari, this one is tagged for Hollywood. What Storm Jameson is doing in Graham Greene's province is not satisfactorily answered in *Before the Crossing* (Macmillan, \$2.75). Miss Jameson's effort deals with the machinations of British fascists just before the war, but though it concerns the murder of a Socialist MP, its corny characters and pretentious style suggest that established novelists have much to learn about the art of writing thrillers.

E. H.



United Nations News



What's Our Job?

LATE in March the Trusteeship Council convened for its first session and, as always in a new body, began formulating the rules under which it will operate in the future. In the course of its discussions it raised some questions which apply to the UN as a whole and not alone to the Trusteeship Council. One of these questions is just what the Secretariat is and what it's supposed to do.

The specific discussion arose over a procedural rule by which the Secretary-General could have been appointed as secretary for the Council, a position usually filled by a delegate. Sayid Awani Khalidy of Iraq objected that the Secretariat was the servant of the UN members and should in no case act as though it were a member state itself. The Secretariat could "in no sense be considered as a power . . ." he added, and the rule was eliminated.

Khalidy's position is indisputable. The Secretariat *is* an administrative body established to carry out the wishes of delegates from 55 nations. It can never become the fifty-sixth United Nation. But this raises the subtle question of how the Secretariat should operate: whether it should recommend as well as present naked facts; whether, in the interests of staff morale and staff efficiency, the Secretariat shouldn't be given a more active role in decisions made by delegates.

There are those who feel that the Department of Security Council Affairs, for instance, should advise Security Council delegates on what course to follow in their meetings. Practically, this would do little to change votes, but at least objective advice would be available, they say. They feel, too, that the Secretary-General himself should be above administrative details and should take an active stand on political issues, even to the point of opposing delegates. They point out that the Charter specifically gives him power on a policy level as well as on an administrative

level. Article 99 of the Charter does, in fact, give him the same power that a member state has in bringing "to the attention of the Security Council any matter which in his opinion may threaten the maintenance of international peace and security."

IT is true that, at present, the Secretariat is rootless. It has far less to say about UN activities than the UNRRA Secretariat had to say about distributing relief. But this is understandable. UNRRA was a large international organization whose Secretariat advised delegates, whose directors frequently opposed the food policies of member governments. But UNRRA had a well defined task—it wasn't dealing with hundreds of problems as is the UN. It had also a limited task—not a job that was expected to develop over years.

But when all this has been admitted, we are still left with the disagreeable fact that, had the UN Secretariat been functioning in a period of wartime co-operation such as the UNRRA Secretariat knew, its responsibilities might have been greater. The climate of 1947 is quite different from that of 1944. This is as evident within the UN as it is elsewhere.

The advocates of greater Secretariat responsibility admit that today in the UN there is far too much procedural work. Only in those departments furthest removed from political questions does the Secretariat influence *what* shall be done as well as *how* to do it—the Legal Department and, until recently, the Department of Trusteeship, for instance.

Probably in the long run the Secretariat must be given greater responsibilities, but they must develop logically as the UN itself develops. Well defined duties will arise. There will be more tasks like that of the Balkan investigating commission in which the Secretariat played an active role. The UN will administer Trieste; it will help rebuild Europe. Its Secretary-General, it is to

be hoped, will eventually be working in a climate less charged with political friction. And as the UN itself grows, its Secretariat must be expected to achieve a new status.

THE United Nations will be two years old on June 26, and already its biographers are numerous. Seven or eight books explaining the UN have appeared and there are four times that number dealing, in part, with the UN. This is without even counting the documents and books that have appeared on the specialized agencies, the various councils, commissions and committees. Most of these books have been written by people who were active in the preparations for an international organization or who attended most of the preliminary conferences. The books contain first-hand information and a good many of them are extremely valuable in their own way.

However, the time for handbooks about the UN has passed. The time for explanations about what the UN can do under the terms of the Charter is also over. Louis Dolivet's *The United Nations; A Handbook on the New World Organization* (Farrar, Straus, \$1.75) and Andrew Boyd's *The United Nations Organization Handbook* (Pilot Press, \$2.50) adequately cover the structure of the UN. Stuart Chevalier's *The World Charter and the Road to Peace* (Ward Ritchie Press, \$2) has attempted, in its simple, conservative and not-too-enlightening way, to explain what the UN can do and how.

What we need now is a book that brings the organization to life—a critical or a humorous book dealing with personalities, with daily life at the UN, with the compromises reached outside the Council sessions. Lois Fisher has written and illustrated a children's book called *You and the United Nations* (Children's Press, 60 cents) that fills one of the requirements. It is a lively explanation of how the organization should work. If the ideas seem oversimplified, even for a child, this does not detract from the breezy illustrations and a valuable personal approach. The writers of adult books would do well to follow her lead. JANE FUELL



Labor



Long Lines

As the telephone strike wound toward the end of its third week, an extraordinary degree of support for the picket lines of the independent National Federation of Telephone Workers developed among other labor unions. Moral and financial support was extended freely and generously, with no attempts at shadowy "deals" or seduction of the NFTW.

Despite Drew Pearson's broadcast statement that John L. Lewis was masterminding the strategy of the strike and was conferring frequently with NFTW president Joseph A. Beirne, there was little external evidence to support this interesting theory.

The United Mine Workers' \$100,000 "loan," which gave a tremendous boost to the NFTW treasury, was offered four days after Pearson's broadcast. The NFTW had already requested time from the American Broadcasting Company to answer and deny Pearson's statement. It appeared a safe bet that, in view of the UMW's generosity, the NFTW might not press this demand, but the telephone workers' spokesmen pointed out that financial aid had also been extended by other unions—both CIO and AFL. "There have been no overtures from anybody trying to take us over," said one NFTW official.

The development of rumors about the NFTW and the two big labor federations was quite natural in view of the telephone workers' history. Ever since American Telephone and Telegraph's company unions began to change into genuine labor unions, many members have felt they should merge with either the AFL or the CIO. Prior to the last convention, at Galveston in June, 1946, an NFTW committee was appointed to discuss merger with the CIO, the AFL or any other big federation—including Lewis' then independent District 50.

The AFL proposed that the telephone unions enter the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, with a class-B status—a status in which the

IBEW has actually organized some telephone workers on an industrial basis. The CIO offered the NFTW full status as an international union with jurisdiction over all telephone workers.

At the Galveston convention, the NFTW decided to turn down both merger proposals, reaffirm its independent status and proceed with a thorough reorganization of its own structure. The reasons seem pretty clear: the rank-and-file telephone workers were not psychologically prepared boldly to enter the ranks of "union" people. Some of them were still under the spell of the AT&T's old paternalism; some maintained a white-collar psychology. Some of the leaders feared that a too hasty and drastic decision would simply split the NFTW wide open—some unions going with the CIO, others with the AFL and still others remaining independent.

NFTW leaders believe that the strike this year will persuade all members that the white-collar psychology and memories of the AT&T's former paternalism are useless encumbrances. But instead of thinking now in terms of merger, they are looking toward their scheduled June convention at Miami Beach, when the NFTW's reorganization into the more tightly knit—and independent—Communications Workers of America will become a reality.

LEWIS is not the only union leader who helped the NFTW. David Dubinsky's International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union (AFL) gave \$20,000 to the telephone workers to assist in answering the AT&T's tremendous advertising campaign. As of last week, Jacob Potofsky's Amalgamated Clothing Workers (CIO) had given \$5,000 and the CIO Textile Workers \$2,500. The CIO Maritime Workers and the AFL Seafarers' International Union each contributed \$1,000. Matthew Smith's Independent Mechanics' Educational Association contributed \$1,000 to Michigan phone workers.

The NFTW felt that, in resisting the AT&T's obvious attempt to disperse

and fragmentize the telephone workers' unions, the strikers were fighting a battle for other unions as well as themselves. Both AFL and CIO leaders may be aware that the federation which aided the NFTW most generously would be likely to win friendship in return. But they were not unwise or sleazy enough to place their offers of assistance on a bribery basis.

ONE other interesting fact which developed out of the telephone strike was the support the strikers obtained from clergymen, both on a local and a national basis. In New York, Pittsburgh and Detroit, Catholic priests and Protestant pastors appeared on the picket lines. Among sponsors of the fund-raising committee were Protestant, Catholic and Jewish men of God.

This is by no means the first time church spokesmen have openly intervened in a labor fight on the side of the strikers. Bishop Haas of Grand Rapids, Michigan, was a famed troubleshooter for the Labor Department. Methodist and Congregationalist churches have vigorous social-action units which frequently support unions in collective-bargaining fights. When the CIO United Packinghouse Workers struck in Chicago last year, three priests walked the picket lines the first morning.

Church support for the AT&T strikers, nevertheless, was broad and effective. It was an interesting practical application of the religious doctrines of social justice. WILLARD SHELTON



Drawing by John Groth



Farm



Great Land Grab

ONCE the devil took Jesus up on a high mountain and offered Him the whole world if He would sell His soul. There is a story going around in Colorado that the devil made the same kind of offer to Western livestockmen, who were so moved by his generosity that they hugged him and kissed him and got him to help them put the finishing touches on their plan.

This story was invented because a little group of stockmen have been urging Congress to pass legislation authorizing the sale of the remainder of the public domain, amounting to around 455 million acres. This land is what was left over after the homesteaders got their allotments and includes many millions of acres that Congress set aside because it contained natural resources necessary to the development and defense of our country. More than half of this land is administered by the Department of the Interior and most of the remainder by the Forest Service of the Department of Agriculture.

Proposals to enact such legislation are not new. Bills to carry out the program were introduced last year and were either defeated or allowed to die. But the frightening thing about the situation is that a blind and economy-crazed Congress may permit the livestock interests to get away with it this year.

Bills authorizing the sale of the public domain have not yet been introduced during this Congress. But legislation has been promised and will no doubt come after an investigation of the Forest Service of the Department of Agriculture by Congress. Attempts will be made to prove that our public lands would be better off in private hands.

Last year the campaign to loot and buy for a song the public domain proceeded on two fronts. The bill sponsored by Senator Patrick McCarran (D, Nev.) would have transformed grazing privileges into vested rights. Permits would have been permanently restricted to those now holding them, thus creat-

ing a monopoly and giving stockmen the benefits of ownership without having to pay for it. The other plan was incorporated in a bill (S. 1945) introduced by Senator Edward V. Robertson (R, Wyo.) authorizing transfer of our Western lands to the states and ultimately to private ownership. Not only were Western grazing lands included, but national parks, monuments, wildlife and recreational reservations and tremendous blocks of our national forests were thrown in for good measure. This was the most brazen and outrageous proposal on the subject ever made on Capitol Hill and if passed would have legalized a transaction which would have made the Teapot Dome steal look like penny-ante poker.

BOTH bills raised such an outcry from conservationists, sportsmen and others interested in the preservation of our natural resources that they failed, but the livestock interests did succeed in cutting appropriations so that the grazing and forest areas could not be administered efficiently. The livestock associations, notably the American National Livestock Association and the National Wool Growers' Association, seemed to take courage from their partial victory. There was a steady outpouring of propaganda in their numerous journals, and obviously inspired articles popped up here and there in magazines and newspapers "proving" how inefficient and bureaucratic were the men who administered the lands. Attacks were also made on the idea of public ownership of any lands at all. J. Elmer Brock, prominent stockman, said: "Federal ownership or control of land is a form of communism. Russia maintains it."

In February of this year the final plan was released to the press by the livestock associations. Its authors showed great restraint. They planned to grab off only 150 million acres administered by the Department of Interior. "The stockmen are not aiming at this time at private ownership of grazing

lands administered by the Forest Service," said Dan Hughes of Montrose, Colorado, chairman of the committee.

The terms of purchase that the stockmen worked out for themselves were, as you would suspect, fairly liberal. The over-all price was about 60 cents per acre. Ten percent was to be paid down and the remainder over a period of 30 years at an interest rate of 1.5 percent. Only those big shots who had grazing leases were to be allowed to buy this land. No veterans. The livestock committee made this point clear. Grazing land is not suitable for veterans and should not be sold to them.

It should be pointed out that the desires of the national stockmen's associations do not coincide with the wishes of most stockmen. In March the Consolidated Woolgrowers of Western Colorado issued the following statement, which is fairly representative: "The plan of the Joint Committee on Public Lands . . . seems to us un-American and selfish in the extreme." Other livestock associations condemning the proposal were the Utah Cattle and Horse Growers' Association and the California Cattlegrowers' Association.

IT has been repeatedly pointed out that the dominant livestock interests have always proved to be completely irresponsible. During the nineteenth century they devastated millions of acres of Western range land. Finally the government stepped in and tried to repair some of the damage. Theodore Roosevelt, Gifford Pinchot and other conservationists embarked on a campaign to try to save what was left of the public domain.

The wrong kind of legislation today could make the West a desert unable to support even its own population, to say nothing of feeding the rest of the country.

ANGUS McDONALD





Movies



Chaplin and Hemingway

I THINK something should be said here on the reception given Charles Chaplin and his picture "Monsieur Verdoux" in New York after it opened on April 11. The reviews were, in most instances, respectful, attentive and damning, but still civilized and acceptable.

A few days after the critics had voiced their disappointment in his movie, Chaplin asked the press to a mass interview at his hotel. I naturally thought he would be interviewed on making the story and on his reactions to his notices; that he would be asked to amplify his intentions as to the significance of the film, and that perhaps inquiries would be made about his future plans. Attempts were made along these lines, but were drowned out.

Chaplin, on greeting the press, doubtless felt the normal nervousness any artist would in facing a group of writers and interviewers who had not hailed as exactly triumphant the result of several years' serious work. He couldn't have expected the shockingly rude, sustained impertinence of the attack that followed. Reporters were there, not to discuss his work with him, but to discredit and vilify and ridicule him personally—to hound him on his own opinions and habits. Was it true that one of his good friends (I am omitting names), a great musician, was a radical? Did this mean that he, Chaplin, condoned treason to this country, since his friend's brother was accused of being a spy? Was Chaplin a Communist? Why, then, had he shown so little regard for the United States that, although he had paid taxes here for years, he was still a British subject? Even though two of his sons fought for this country in the war, and he did war work himself, why didn't he do more? Exactly what percentage of his vast income made in the US had gone to alleviate the suffering of humanity?



GREGORY PECK

While two perambulating mikes broadcast these questions and others, a swarm of cameramen set off lights in Chaplin's face, so that in an hour he was not only knee-deep in spent flash bulbs, but practically blinded. His patience and courtesy were astounding, since his disgust must have at least compared to that of the few of us who could

only be ashamed of what ugly, hostile liberties can be taken in the name of the freedom of the press. Several articles and one editorial have been written since then, in other publications, protesting the treatment accorded Chaplin. At the press conference itself, however, only James Agee of *Time*, whose admirable control made it possible for him to speak at all, was able civilly to voice the apologies of some of the newspaper and magazine reporters when, in effect, he asked Chaplin what he thought of a country in which a fine artist, whose pity and concern for the down-trodden had made him beloved throughout the world, was given the disgraceful reception just tendered him. Chaplin, still smiling gently, preferred not to discuss that question, and thanked Agee "very much."

IT MAY be a sign of weakness or over-exposure, but credits—that long, long list of names and tiny occupations that precedes a movie—are beginning to haunt me. I'm not one to believe in unsung talent, but I have learned to apply myself and can read a whole credit list at one go. I consider it unfair to be shown one name at a time on the screen.

In "The Macomber Affair," with Gregory Peck, Joan Bennett and Robert Preston—a good movie adaptation of Ernest Hemingway's story of the African veldt—you are prepared for the picture by a credit list that reads like the wonderful names that go to make British movies, but has added touches of some charm—almost collectors' items. I was interested to know that Jerry Bos

is responsible for the Men's Wardrobe. For such items as the hunter Wilson's old slacks and dirty boots and Stetson, Bos is your man. The Women's Wardrobe is, in sheer simplicity, Greta's department, but there is a new note of excitement in the fact that Miss Bennett's Hairdress (United Artists' capital and singular hair-do; my excitement) is taken care of by Meryl Reeves.

HOWEVER, as Hemingway said in his story—"Finish your breakfast and we'll be starting"—I had better get on with "The Macomber Affair." In spite of beginning and ending differently from the original story, to which I have no particular objection, though other people are already howling, "The Macomber Affair" is a movie approached maturely, told almost entirely in Hemingway's trenchant, bitter, repetitious dialogue, and presented with sustained interest and suspense. Benedict Bogeaus and Casey Robinson, who produced the picture, and Zoltan Korda, who directed it under their watchful eyes, are a little self-conscious about the Realism; but they needn't be, for they've done quite a creditable job. My intelligence was insulted only once, and mildly. That was during the sequence at the end when Mrs. Macomber, with just a small, hopeless salute (off the temple, and three inches around in the air), leaves Wilson to walk down a long corridor of pillars, sunlight in streaks making the shadows blacker, to her trial. She is to be judged for shooting a rich husband, not primarily because he had always bored her insensible, but because in a fast switch from coward to man he most certainly would have left her.

The scenes shot in Africa, although of an entirely different color from the Hollywood shots, and badly matched, are worth seeing of themselves. The cast is excellent, but would have been really great if the male roles had been switched and Robert Preston, who looks very much as Hemingway must have at his age, had played the hunter and Gregory Peck, so sleekly handsome, had played the tortured Macomber. Joan Bennett, a sly, static actress, is perfectly cast as the predatory American out-of-the-pages-of-Winchell wife. **SHIRLEY O'HARA**



HELP PUT JOHANNES STEEL BACK ON THE AIR!

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Radio



Cycles on the Kilocycles

NOTHING is more dangerous to a radio program or personality than the end of a cycle. Shows are signed on for so many cycles of 13 weeks each, and can be dropped least painfully at the end of one. During recent weeks, a number of old stand-bys finished their second cycle of the current season. Off went Rudy Vallee, Eddie Bracken, Hildgarde, Frank Morgan, plus other people and programs less well known. The law of abhorrence, of course, went immediately into operation: silence is to radio as a vacuum is to nature.

The most hopeful of the new fillers is "My Friend Irma," which has taken over from "Maisie" on CBS (Fridays, 10:30 to 11 p.m.). "Irma" is an under-educated blonde who is given to malapropisms, but her heart is as golden as her hair. Her roommate, Jane, is educated, ambitious and inclined to be smug. Cy Howard, who also directs this piece, has written the two parts for broad comedy, and that's the way they were played, on the two samples I've heard so far by Marie Wilson and Cathy Lewis. I found the opening show very amusing, the second leaning too heavily on Joe Miller. Both times the laughter of the studio audience annoyed me. With the elimination of the audience and the keying of the comedy to a higher pitch, this show could amount to something. I'd suggest one other change. There is no reason for the landlady in the show to be a drunken Irishwoman. It's possible to be funny without that kind of harmful nonsense.

IF YOU want to know how newspapermen do not work, listen to "The Big Story" on NBC (Wednesdays, 10 to 10:30 p.m.), now taking the place of Frank Morgan. It happens that Allan Sloane, who writes this show, is a competent radio craftsman, but here he and his sponsor (Pall Mall cigarettes) have cooked up a phony. The cigarette people give a \$500 prize weekly to a working newspaperman

whose "big" story is supposedly dramatized. I'm an old newspaperman myself, but I would never have gone beyond coverage of women's clubs for the old Philadelphia *North American* if I had tried to file the kind of Hollywood scoop projected on this program.

There is also among the new nighttime shows, the Tony Martin opus, replacing Eddie Bracken. I like Martin's singing, and I like Evelyn Knight, who is on the program with him. But a half-hour (CBS, Sundays, 9:30 to 10 p.m.) of crooning is a long time for me. And Martin is handicapped by a dearth of material which might bring his guests into focus. These have been, so far, Bob Hope, Eddie Cantor, Abbott and Costello, George Burns and Gracie Allen, and Red Skelton. They could have stayed at the Brown Derby for all the help they were.

I THINK that's enough bad news for one semester, so I'll go on to other things. If you are near a Mutual Network outlet (except WOR, New York) Saturday nights at 7:45, or Wednesday nights at 7:30, listen to F. H. LaGuardia and Leland Stowe, respectively. (But unfortunately you must find out whether your Mutual station carries them. Of Mutual's 400 affiliates, only 88 carry LaGuardia, only 40 so far are contracted to carry Stowe. WOR, New York, the network's "flagship," is not carrying either of these men. New Yorkers might try to pick up LaGuardia by tuning in to WICC, Bridgeport, 600 on the dial. Stowe is broadcast in New York over the independent station WMCA.) LaGuardia's Saturday-night commentary has added stature to Mutual, which has much to answer for by its tolerance of people like Upton Close; the latter is off the air now, but Henry J. Taylor and Fulton Lewis Jr. still carry on. However, the balance may be corrected by Stowe, who started April 23 under sponsorship of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America. I'll say more about Stowe after I've heard him a couple of times.

On April 29, something new starts on CBS (Tuesdays, 9:30 to 10:30 p.m.). It's not only a new program, it is also a projection of a new radio personality. Called "Studio One," this program will put on full-hour dramatizations. That alone sounds imposing; there are only two other hour-long drama shows on the air—"Theatre Guild on the Air" (ABC, Sundays, 10 to 11 p.m.) and the Lux "Radio Theatre" (CBS, Mondays, 9 to 10 p.m.). But both these shows lean heavily on "names"—Guild on stage stars, Lux on Hollywood luminaries. "Studio One" will depend on: (1) its play materials, which will be drawn from novels; (2) experienced radio actors; and (3) its chief manipulator, Fletcher Markle.

MARKLE is quite a story. The network offers him as a combination of Orson Welles and Norman Corwin. Whether he has the social understanding of either of these men still remains to be seen. But there is already ample evidence that he combines the talents of both—and he is only 26. At the age of 18 or 19, Markle wrote, produced, directed and starred in 65 hour-long radio dramas, originals as well as adaptations of everything from Shakespeare to Mother Goose. He did these over a provincial Canadian network originating in Vancouver. Later, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation gave him the wheel. Markle and another remarkable character named Andrew Allen did some wonderful radio over the CBC. They started a series called "Stage '44" (the title takes on the year's numerals, and is "Stage '47" now). I heard only one of those shows, produced over CBS a year ago. It was a satire on Orson Welles, called "Life with Adam." This one was not written by Markle (the writer was Hugh Kent), but Markle played "Adam" (Welles) in a way to convince you that he had a lot of Welles in him. Markle also wrote and directed two CBS Workshop plays last summer; one of them, "Sometime Every Summertime," was a fine piece of work; the other, "Three's Company," was not so successful. But there is little doubt that Markle is one of the freshest talents that has come along in radio.

SAUL CARSON



Music

*Isolde's Homecoming*

THREE THOUSAND New Yorkers crossed a picket line a week ago last Sunday afternoon. As ticket-holders for Kirsten Flagstad's first New York appearance in six years approached the Fifty-seventh Street door of Carnegie Hall, they passed through a band of a couple of dozen picketers marching to and fro and holding signs aloft.

Despite these protests, all the seats in Carnegie Hall were filled. Flagstad's first entry on the stage set off an instantaneous explosion of applause, whistling and yelling, and nearly everyone in the hall stood to greet her. If anyone came to the recital to hiss, he must have realized in the first minute that his cause was lost. From then on, during the entire afternoon, there was no opposition to Mme. Flagstad inside Carnegie Hall.

The story of the recital, consequently, is simply a story of two hours of regal singing. Mme. Flagstad's voice is still the noblest in the world. If the opening group was an ordeal for her, the strain showed only in that her voice at first seemed a little less secure than we had remembered. But once the initial challenge had been met, her tone regained all its sturdy reserve power, its evenness of texture from the bottom register to the top, its superhuman exactness of pitch, and its wonderful clarion ring.

No occult political significance could be read into her program, which was essentially like the ones she chose before the war—Beethoven songs, Grieg's "Haugtussa" cycle (always a favorite of hers), some American songs of poorer quality than she ought to tolerate, and lieder by Brahms and Wolf. As usual she refrained from singing Wagner until the end, saving Isolde's Love-Death, her only Wagner excerpt, for her final encore.

BOTH Columbia and Victor have awarded Prokofiev's fifth symphony to their No. 1 orchestras. While Artur Rodzinski's version with the New York

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San Francisco Chronicle

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Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, re-
leased by Columbia last fall, remained
the only recording on the market, it
seemed a glittering and energetic per-
formance, presenting the music in a
wholly favorable light. But the new Vic-
tor album by Serge Koussevitzky and
the Boston Symphony Orchestra makes
the Rodzinski recording obsolete, both
musically and mechanically. Kousse-
vitzky possesses high imagination, the
one vital quality Rodzinski lacks as a
conductor, and with the aid of the Vic-
tor engineers nearly every point in the
Boston performance comes out more
tellingly, more enthusiastically, and with
handsomer tone and texture.

IN CONTRAST to the scintillant clarity
of Koussevitzky's Prokofiev, Leopold
Stokowski's treatment of Manuel de
Fallas' "El Amor Brujo" ("Love, the
Magician") with the Hollywood Bowl
Symphony Orchestra provides little more
than an opportunity to wallow in cloy-
ingly sensuous tone. In its pristine state
the music possesses a rugged folk qual-
ity, but not even the authentic gypsy
timbre of Nan Merriman's superb sing-
ing of the incidental solos can thwart
Stokowski.

TRADITIONALISTS may resist the in-
terpretative latitude with which
Artur Rubinstein approaches Beetho-
ven's "Pathétique" sonata for piano. If
you grant him the right to his late nine-
teenth-century, high-romantic point of
view, however, his playing is in the
grand manner; and it could scarcely be
more beautiful in tone quality, or more
satisfactorily reproduced. . . . From the
vast treasury of dance movements scat-
tered through the Handel operas and
instrumental suites, Sir Thomas Beecham
has arranged "The Great Elopement,"
a blithe companion piece to his earlier
Handel pastiches, "The Origin of De-
sign," "The Gods Go A-Begging" and
"The Faithful Shepherd." . . . With
devout sobriety Robert Shaw's Victor
Chorale sings Bach's affecting Lenten
cantata, "Christ Lag in Todesbanden."
. . . Vox has gathered together two
albums of attractive early Mozart trifles.
The volume of minuets is perhaps a lit-
tle tiresome because of its repetition of
the same meter and form. The "Salz-

burg Serenades," on the other hand, are
winsome, spontaneous and varied.

Bach—Cantata No. 4, "Christ Lag in
Todesbanden": Victor Chorale and Or-
chestra, Robert Shaw, conductor. Victor
DM-1096; four 10-inch records, \$3.75.

Beethoven—Sonata No. 8, C minor,
Opus 13 ("Pathétique"): Artur Rubin-
stein, piano. Victor DM-1102, two 12-
inch records, \$2.85.

Falla—El Amor Brujo: Hollywood
Bowl Symphony Orchestra, Leopold
Stokowski conducting; Nan Merriman,
mezzo-soprano. Victor DM-1089; three
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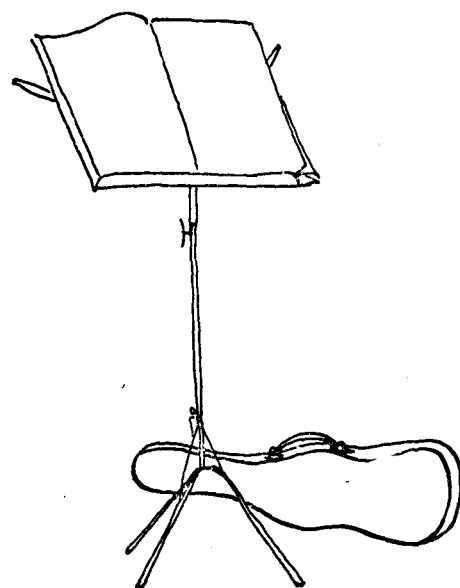
Handel-Beechham—The Great Elope-
ment: London Philharmonic Orchestra,
Sir Thomas Beecham conducting. Vic-
tor DM-1093, three 12-inch records,
\$3.85.

Mozart—Minuets, Köchel No. 176:
Vox Chamber Orchestra, Edvard Fen-
dler, conductor. Vox 166, three 10-inch
records, \$3.75.

Mozart—Salzburg Serenades (Con-
certante and Rondo, Köchel No. 320;
Serenata Notturna, D major, Köchel
No. 239): Vox Chamber Orchestra,
Edvard Fendler, conductor. Vox 161,
four 10-inch records, \$4.75.

Prokofiev—Symphony No. 5, Opus
100: Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge
Koussevitzky, conductor. Victor DM-
1095, five 12-inch records, \$5.85. Also:
New York Philharmonic-Symphony Or-
chestra, Artur Rodzinski, conductor.
Columbia MM-661, five 12-inch rec-
ords, \$5.85.

CECIL SMITH



Drawing by Lorenzini



Theatre

*Experimental Ground*

I HAVE recently spoken of the Experimental Theatre's season as an esthetic effort. On that side the brief season has not been very notable, nothing of any very fresh or bold or imaginative value. In such an opinion most of the workers in this enterprise will doubtless agree with me, though they know even better than I can the difficulties encountered, the shortness of time left after final agreements were reached and the multitude of decisions to be made before things could get started at all. It seems only fair now to note something of what has been accomplished. It does not lie on the esthetic side—whatever beauty, power, newness and forward movement may have been achieved; it lies most in what we might call practical directions. In the end, of course, these directions point to the esthetic, but for the moment they may be called practical, and for the moment may even be taken as more important than any artistic excellence.

It would not be easy for anyone outside this effort to realize just what the main line of accomplishments has been. For greater security in the following statements I have gone to Colonel C. Lawton Campbell, chairman of the Board of Directors of the American National Theatre and Academy, and have greatly profited by his advice.

In the first place, then, in 1940 an experimental theatre under Antoinette Perry (to which ANTA contributed financially) got as far as producing six plays and stopped. The Experimental Theatre, Inc., was organized last August, acting within ANTA itself. ANTA turned over the Princess Theatre to the new venture. It took four months to get the needed concessions from the Dramatists' Guild and Actors' Equity; it was necessary to establish no precedents by which commercial Broadway could get an edge on rights so long fought for. Then the unions had to be convinced that nothing was being put over on them. The stagehands, the scene

painters, the musicians, the ushers, the ticket sellers and all the rest were there entrenched in their defenses, each one fiercely for itself and the theatre be hanged. They finally were convinced that nobody was trying to encroach on their rights, that nobody was making any money out of such an enterprise as the Experimental Theatre. They agreed there would be no ticket selling at all—the whole thing to be handled by membership subscription—that only one permanent house technician and one musician should be paid for; and so on. These and other issues were finally settled and rehearsals got under way about January 4, leaving so limited a season that the choice of plays to be produced was partly determined by sheer expediency, which for the artistic impression on the first season's public was an unfortunate fact.

TO UNDERSTAND the advance made we must recall one great point: our theatre once had many stock companies and a world of vaudeville to draw on for its vitality and resource. Now these are no more; the theatre has only itself, so to speak, to draw on. Even the wide theatre of the road, the touring companies from one end of the country to the other, dwindled long ago, only to be partially revived in late years. You have only to think of the famous figures of a generation ago, two generations ago, three generations, and of their origins, the sources of their experience—stock companies, tours, vaudeville, circus—as they made their way to the center, and you will realize what the theatre today must find a substitute for.

And meanwhile, instead of building itself into a central whole, the theatre has split up in every direction; all the parts that compose it fear each other, are jealous, isolated and harsh—it has come to be dog eat dog, from the actor to the dramatist, to the stagehands, to the electricians and so on down the list. A notable thing that the Experimental Theatre has done is at last to knock into these theatre heads that they are de-



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stroying their own futures. Ultimately, when all is said and done, their only chance lies in the whole theatre, not in any part.

Whatever advances have been made from Broadway and Hollywood toward the plays, the directors, the designers and the actors that have been given a chance at the Experimental Theatre are on the practical side, of course; but the definite increase in the range of ANTA's weight outside New York has been even more important. The great amount of attention that the Experimental Theatre has had from the press, the people in the theatre and the public has done much to bring this about. To take a capital example that has lately occurred: The state of Utah decided to include a Drama Festival in its centennial celebration of the arrival of the Mormon pioneers in Salt Lake valley; several hundred thousand dollars were set aside for the purpose. The commissioners, quite naturally at sea, came to ANTA for advice. Katharine Cornell was persuaded to take "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," with Brian Aherne playing the young Browning, out to Salt Lake City as the opening production. Other productions are being planned, one of them "Macbeth" with Orson Welles. And the upshot of it all is that the Mormon Church has donated \$100,000 toward a civic theatre.

That last item should be dear to a national theatre's heart, for it is one of those things that reach back and down into the very roots of a locality. The Mormon culture from the very start stressed the importance of the theatre, as is emphasized in an excellent account of that institution among the Mormons in the May issue of *Theatre Arts*.

FOR one more useful function deriving from ANTA and the Experimental Theatre, we may note that when directors come to New York seeking actors for their local theatres—the remarkable Margo Jones of the new Dallas theatre, for example—many an actor hesitating to go so far away is much more likely to go when advised to do so by ANTA. This seemingly simple fact may well have far-reaching advantages both to Broadway and to the local theatres.

STARK YOUNG

Henry Wallace

(Continued from page 14)

Two hours later, we saw the lights of Copenhagen shining in the darkness below our plane. In the care of a Danish businessman, Paul Hagerup, we drove through the old streets of the city, past the air-raid shelters which had been left untouched, and past the ruins of historic buildings blown up by the Nazis in retaliation for acts of sabotage by the Danish resistance movement.

THE leaders of the resistance were our hosts in Denmark. We were met by Professor P. B. Rehberg, a tall, gentle intellectual, who had been liaison man among the Central Executive Committee of the resistance, the Freedom Council and the Civil Administration, which outwardly collaborated but actually coöperated with the Underground. Rehberg was betrayed, caught by the Nazis and tortured almost to death. Later he and his friend, Professor Mogens Fog, escaped when RAF Mosquitoes bombed the prison in which they were held. He then went back to his work with the Underground.

At Rehberg's house we met Fog, professor of Neurology at the University of Copenhagen and one of the heads of the Danish resistance movement, well known for political activity in Denmark before the war. He worked openly until his contacts in the police department told him he was about to be arrested, and then he disappeared. He cut off his hair, trimmed his eyebrows, grew a mustache, wore spectacles, and put a pad inside his lower lip to change the shape of his mouth and jaw; his closest friends did not recognize him.

Members of all the Danish parties participated in the resistance movement and coöperated closely in doing so. But today, the old spirit of partisan politics has again emerged. The Danish Social Democrats, more conservative than their counterparts in Norway or Britain, have refused to coöperate with the Communists. The absence of a progressive program has meant, as in Sweden, that the Social Democrats have

been squeezed between the growing forces of the Right and the Left. When coöperation with the Communists became necessary in order to continue in power, the Social Democrats relinquished the government to a minority group, the Venstre Party. The word "Venstre" means "Left," and when the party was formed, it was a left-wing revolt of the small farmers against the great landowners. Today it has moved far to the Right, as the Conservative Party, itself abandoning its center position, is moving farther to the Right.

One large group in Denmark believes in the closest association, both economically and socially, between Denmark and England. A fine spokesman for this group is Ole Cavling, owner of one of Denmark's largest newspapers, the *Extrabladet*. Cavling's library is full of books on English history and literature. He describes himself as a Left Liberal, very strong for the United Nations, friendly, though with some misgivings, toward Russia, and very friendly, with a good many misgivings, toward present-day America.

I MET an altogether different group in Copenhagen. This group, which is strong among the middle class, remembers that there were more shoes and stockings, and more of other consumer goods, in Denmark during the occupation than today. They feel kindly toward the Germans, fear the Russians and believe that America and Britain fought on the wrong side. They complain that Britain has not sent Denmark the goods she promised, and argue that trade must be renewed with a more prosperous Germany.

This situation is partly the shortage of dollars, which is felt acutely in all Northern European countries. Sweden accumulated some dollar credits in wartime; Norway had the earning power of her merchant marine; Holland and Belgium had overseas balances because of their Empire holdings; but Denmark had nothing. The Danish economy is the British one in reverse: Britain is an industrial processing nation and Denmark is an agricultural processing plant. The world shortage of grains has meant few allocations to feed livestock; oil cake and fertilizer are not

available. So Denmark is struggling hard to keep up her herds without adequate feed. Machinery is also scarce; there are only 6,000 tractors in Denmark to serve 205,000 farms. Even the sharing of these tractors through coöperatives and private firms does not meet the need.

But Germany cannot solve Denmark's difficulties; in order to bring in necessary imports, Denmark has cut down on domestic consumption by restoring rationing. Britain as yet can export little to Denmark: only America can give her the machinery she needs, and American imports from Denmark are low. She has applied to the Export-Import Bank for a loan of \$50 million; it was rejected partly on the ground that the International Bank would soon be operating. The failure of the International Bank to become active has caused deep concern in Denmark; many people wonder if it would not be better for her to turn instead toward trade with Eastern Europe and the USSR.

BROWN Leghorns seem to me almost as beautiful as pheasants. One year ago—by way of American Ambassador Josiah Marvel Jr. and the head of the Danish Poultry Improvement Society, W. A. Kock—Einar Nielsen, a small Danish farmer, had sent me eggs from which I have raised some of the few Brown Leghorns in America. On a bright morning I drove out with Kock and with the agricultural attaché of the American Embassy, John L. Stewart, to find Nielsen. We drove 35 miles through a great deer park owned by the nation, through open fields and past pleasant villages where I caught a glimpse of two baby storks in a huge nest on the roof of one little cottage.

We found Nielsen in an old-fashioned farmhouse built as a square, with whitewashed walls, green doors, a thatched roof, lace curtains and a tiny cobbled courtyard. There old Einar Nielsen and his wife and young Einar Nielsen and his wife make a good living trap-nesting 400 pedigreed Brown Leghorns and keeping eight Red Danish cows. The Niensens work closely with Kock on poultry improvement.

We walked over the farm and inspected the neatly kept hen houses, with

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young Einar pointing out the prize stock and old Einar padding along behind. They insisted I come into the spotlessly clean living-room to eat Danish cookies and sip Danish fruit wine.

The Nielsens live simply, like most Danes; there are few big poultry farmers in Denmark, only one man to my knowledge having more than 100 hens. Nielsen's hatching eggs sell for 21 cents each and his object is to produce eggs uniform in size and quality. The British buy Danish eggs by the pound, sell them by the dozen, and lose money if they weigh more than 25 ounces per dozen. Kock rather frowns on the cross-breeding of chickens, but Nielsen gets as much as \$21 for his roosters used for cross-breeding purposes. The fine standards of breeding are the result of closely detailed coöperation between the government and the people.

The Nielsens' sitting-room was covered with photographs of the King and the royal family. On the night we arrived, the King died; all my left-wing friends expressed admiration for his courage during the occupation. Because of his death, we canceled the meeting scheduled for that night.

THAT afternoon, the streets of Copenhagen were filled with milling crowds. Along with several hundred thousand Danes, we were pushed in the direction of the palace, where the new King was being proclaimed. The crowds listened quietly to his brief appeal for support and then cheered him roundly. It was typical of Denmark that they ended by singing first their own, and then the national anthems of the other Scandinavian countries.

Next morning we flew through the skies over Germany. We saw well cultivated farm lands, with farmhouses like those anywhere else, but then we saw the hollow shells of Kiel and other cities, with only a few jagged buildings rising from the ruins. We saw the shattered villages of the Belgian border, and the ghosts of the old towns on the Western Front; and we were reminded again of the reasons why Fagrell, Moeller, Lie and Rehberg spoke with such fear of another war and such conviction of the necessity of a program for one world.

H. W.

Letter of the Week*(Continued from page 3)*

representative, Ambassador Richard C. Patterson, has been demonstrating his personal and political distaste for everybody and everything he has seen here.

PERHAPS unwittingly, Patterson has set the tempo of the Yugoslav government's attitude toward America. This was demonstrated strikingly in Tito's speech to Parliament. He openly, if quietly, attacked Patterson as an enemy of Yugoslavia. This attack followed one made some weeks ago by *Borba*, the Communist daily and practically a government mouthpiece, accusing him of "deliberately poisoning relations between Yugoslavia and the United States." At the time it was also stated that members of the Embassy were "associating with elements who were traitors and enemies of the state." What one can certainly say about Patterson is that he behaved, both in America, where he gave "off-the-record lectures" on Yugoslavia, and here in Belgrade, with no diplomatic tact.

The Truman pronunciamento, therefore, caused little stir. Everything that had happened before pointed to something of this nature. What it did do was to give the Yugoslavs the opportunity of saying that this shows Truman is determined to sabotage the UN. "Why," asked my barber—even in Yugoslavia barbers talk lengthily on all subjects—"why, if this is not the case, didn't Truman approach the United Nations?"

And Tito's speech said very much the same thing, with the addition that it also implied what was going to be done about it.

IT is now some time since I have seen or heard the once extremely popular phrase "*Anglo-American imperialists*." Today one hears much more of "*American dollar imperialists*." That is the significance of this second attack on Patterson. There was no direct attack on the British Ambassador nor even a direct attack on Britain. The former can be explained, possibly, by the fact that

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NEW REPUBLIC

Charles Peake has behaved with a little more diplomacy and tact than his American colleague, but the reason for the latter is much more significant. Today, the line is to woo the British away from the United States. When I asked a Yugoslav government official why Tito made few references to Britain during his speech, he smiled and replied: "But it's obvious. We are not threatened by Britain. We are threatened by America—and so is Britain."

That, generally, is the feeling in Yugoslavia today. The whole trend is to become more friendly with the non-American powers and even with those like Britain which are so completely within the dollar ring. Yugoslavs are not officially being encouraged to dislike Britain. And the same can be said for the US. It is not really necessary to create any artificial dislike. The famine, Patterson and Truman have done that job for them particularly well.

BUT while this goes on Yugoslavs will continue to face their problems. Tito has assured them that "no one in Yugoslavia will starve to death," and it looks as if they believe him. The construction and reconstruction will go ahead and 180,000 boys and girls will continue building their new youth railway. They will also continue with the development of their Five Year Plan, which, if it succeeds, will produce a new Yugoslavia—an industrial Yugoslavia.

What apparently is not realized is that nothing that happens in Washington or London, or even as a result of the famine, will unseat Tito and his government. They are here to stay for a long time and foreign policy has no bearing on that issue. Tito's main support today, as it was during the war, comes from the peasants, and the peasants will find a way to live until August, when the grain crisis should be over. The country is gripped by a dynamic construction fever and everybody is working at full pressure. Truman's statements and Patterson's behavior do not affect the internal situation. They affect the world situation and the ultimate question as to whether we are moving toward peace or war.

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